McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1911 NO. 31

SOME HANDY INFORMATION FOR VOTERS.

Various Offices To Be Filled At The Fall Election.

DATES FOR FILING PETITIONS.

Qualifications of Voters at the Primaries and at the General Election—County, City, Borough and Township Offices to be Filled.

The following information for the guidance of the voters of McKean county will be interesting to the readers of this paper, a part of which we clip from the Bradford Star-Record. This article is a good one to save for future reference:

County Officers.

One person for Sheriff.
One person for County Treasurer.
One person for Prothonotary.
One person for Recorder of Deeds.
One person for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court.
One person for Clerk of Courts.
One person for District Attorney.
One person for Coroner.
Three persons for County Commissioners.
Three persons for County Auditors.

Smethport Borough.

One person for Burgess.
Three persons for Councilmen.
Five persons for School Directors, two for two years, two for four years and one for six years.
One person for Constable.
One person for Auditor.
One person for Collector.
One person for Assessor.
One person for Judge of Election.
Two persons for Inspectors of Election.

Bradford City.

Mayor, 4 years; Treasurer, 4 years; Controller, 4 years; Select Council: one member to be elected in the First, Third and Fifth wards for a term of 4 years; Common Council, 2 members in each ward in the city for a term of two years; three City Assessors at large, one for two years and two for four years; County Assessors, one in each ward; Alderman in Third ward; School Board, two members at large for 2 years, two members at large for 4 years, three members at large for 6 years; Constable in each ward; Judge of Election in each district; two Inspectors of Election in each district.

Borough Officers.

Lewis Run borough—Constable, justice of the peace, seven councilmen, for terms of four years; five school directors, two for two years, two for four years, and one for six years; three auditors, collector, assessor, judge of election, two inspectors of election.

Mt. Jewett borough—Five school directors at large, two for two years, two for four years, one for six years; three councilmen, justice of the peace, constable, high constable, auditor, judge of election, two inspectors of election, assessor.

Kane borough—Councilmen—First ard, one for two years; one for four ars; Second ward, one for four ars; Third ward, one for four years; urth ward, one for two years, one four years. Seven school directs at large, two for two years, two for ir years, three for six years; justice the peace, one constable in each rd; judge of election in each ward; o inspectors of election in each rd; three auditors; one assessor in h ward.

Eldred borough—Three councilmen, school directors, two for two rs, two for four years, one for six rs (that length of term on petin); auditor; assessor; constable; tice of the peace; judge of elec- ; two inspectors of election.

ort Allegany borough—Three ncilmen, five school directors, two two years, two for four years, one six years (that length of term on tion); assessor; justice of the e; constable; auditor; judge of tion; inspector of election.

Township Officers.

idge of Election in each district; Inspectors of election in each dis- ; assistant assessor in each elec- district in each township contain- more than one district; five school tors at large in each school dis- , two for two years, two for four s, and one for six years; road suisor, auditor, constable, and as- r in each township; justice of peace in each of the following ships: Eldred township (1), Hamilton township (1), Keating township (1), Annin township (2), Otto township (1), Ceres township (2).

Each candidate for school director must specify on his nomination petition the term for which he is a candidate. The same rule applies to other officers where candidates are to be elected to the same office for different terms of different length.

Road Supervisors.

In November, 1911, one road supervisor shall be elected for a term of four years in each township. In case any road supervisor shall have been heretofore appointed by the court to fill a vacancy his term shall expire on the first Monday of December, 1911. Should the term of two or all the members of any board expire on the first Monday of December, 1911, then at the November, 1911, election one supervisor shall be elected for four years and one or two for a term of two years.

Qualification of Voters.

(1) He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

(2) He shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned thence six months immediately preceding the election.

(3) He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

(4) If twenty-one years of age or upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

The above requirements apply to the primaries as well as the general election.

Qualifications for the general election are the same as for the primaries; to qualify for either you must have been assessed by July 29, 1911, and pay taxes by August 30, 1911.

By a court decision the voter must be qualified to vote at the primaries before he will be permitted to register to vote at the general election. That is, the voter must have been assessed by July 29, 1911, and have paid taxes by August 30, 1911 to qualify for the primaries, and unless he is so qualified he will not be permitted to register for either the primaries or the general election.

Each voter shall have the right to receive the ballot of the party for which he asks, provided that if he is challenged he shall be required to make oath or affirmation that, at the last preceding election at which he voted, he voted for a majority of the candidates of the party for whose ballot he asks.

For any office voted for by the entire county, a candidate's petition must have [illegible] names. All other candidates' petitions must have ten names.

Candidates' petitions to have names printed upon the primary ballot must be filed in the Commissioners' office not later than September 9, 1911.

A tax receipt dated as early as September 30, 1909, would permit a voter to register and vote at the primaries, but the registration would not be valid for the general election, November 17, 1911, as the tax has not been paid within two years of said election. A receipt making a registration valid for both primaries and general election must be dated not earlier than November 7, 1909.

Last day to be assessed, July 29.

Last day to pay poll taxes, August 30.

POPULAR YOUNG COUPLE MARRY

Miss Anna McGee of Mt. Jewett, Becomes Bride of Edw. McMahon of Bradford.

Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary McGee, in Mt. Jewett, occurred the marriage of Miss Anna McGee, of that borough, to Mr. Edward McMahon, of Bradford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Blake of Mt. Jewett.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. McMahon left for Atlantic City and Philadelphia on a wedding journey, making the trip as far as Smethport in an automobile.

The bride is one of the popular young ladies of Mt. Jewett. For the past two years she has been the efficient teacher in the Mt. Jewett schools. The groom is a popular clerk at the Emery Hardware store in Bradford. Many friends wish them a long and happy wedded life.

CROSSING THE SHAWMUT.

The Kushequa Will Be Running Broad Gauge Cars Over It Soon.

For the past week a large force of track men of the P., S. & N. R. R. have been at work putting in the new grade crossing of the Kushequa Route and in a day or two it is expected that the Kushequa Route will be running standard gauge trains across the Shawmut tracks.

The decision of the courts gave the Kushequa Route the right to cross the Shawmut at grade near the foot of Union street, but by mutual agreement the crossing it being put in near the foot of Church street, about 350 yards west of the original place of crossing. The change in the location of the crossing is advantageous to both parties, and will probably be a benefit to Smethport inasmuch as we understand that the three rail track on the south side of Water street, between Union and Mechanic streets will be abandoned and torn up, thus making one less railroad crossing on Mechanic street as well as being a benefit to abutting property owners on the south side of Water street.

The stem of track of the Keating & Smethport Railroad, which is a branch of the Kushequa Route, and ran up to Island Park, at the foot of Washington street, has been changed to meet the new crossing and the terminal will be at the Kushequa station.

It is also understood that the Kushequa Route will connect at Mt. Jewett with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which is widening its narrow gauge system to standard gauge, and the Kushequa Route will be used as a connecting link between the B. & O. and the P. R. R.

The frogs, which are constructed of the heaviest iron doubly reinforced, are already to be shoved in place, and as soon as the approaching tracks on both sides are completed they will be put in and standard gauge Kushequa trains will cross. It was expected that the first train would be run over there today but the heavy rains of yesterday delayed the work.

LIGHTNING STRIKES HOUSE.

Farm House of Freeman Chadwick Damaged Yesterday.

During the severe electrical storm yesterday afternoon the farm house of Freeman Chadwick, located about one mile east of this borough on the Ormsby road, was struck by lightning and damaged to a considerable extent.

The bolt of lightning which did the damage first struck a tree which stood about eight feet from the house. It then went under the eaves and entered two of the upstairs bedrooms, tearing off considerable plaster and ripping up a carpet in one room, while it tore down a bed in another. It then went down stairs tearing off plaster in the hall, library and parlor and shattered a door step. It then continued down to the cellar, knocking an apple bin down and into the ground. Luckily it did not set the building on fire.

As yet no estimate has been placed on the amount of damage done. The lightning struck another tree near the house and completely ruined it.

TACK PLACERS CAUGHT.

Detective Jones Finds Who Placed Large Tacks In Road.

Last week we made mention that some person or persons had placed a number of big-headed roofing nails in the road near the Campbell farm just below town and that a number of automobile tires had been punctured thereby, and further stated that Detective E. W. Jones was making an effort to ferret out the case.

His efforts were rewarded the latter part of last week when he traced the work to three small boys in town ranging from six to nine years of age. Owing to their youth Mr. Jones did not make any arrests but informed the parents of the children who probably sufficiently punished them for their misdeeds, and we feel safe in saying that this prank will not be tried again.

Lot For Sale.

One of the very best building lots on West Main street will be sold at a very reasonable price. For particulars inquire of or address

H. L. BACKUS,
Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

SUICIDE AT ELDRED.

Alec Kator Kills Himself With a Shotgun on Tuesday.

Placing a shotgun between his knees in such a manner as to be able to pull the trigger and receive the contents of the cartridge in the top of his head, was the method of killing himself selected by Alec Kator of Eldred, a few minutes after 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

Kator lived with his family about two miles from Eldred on the road toward Olean. He had been in poor health for some time and at intervals showed signs of melancholy. It is stated that it was while in an unsettled mental condition, that he took the gun, walked into a bedroom and blew the entire top of his head off. Hearing the shot, members of the household rushed to the bedroom just in time to see the man expire.

Coroner Sherman of Bradford was notified of the tragic death and will go to Eldred this morning to make some inquiries relative to the case.

Kator was a carpenter by trade, but of late was engaged as a laborer. He was well known in Eldred and the announcement of his suicide caused considerable surprise in that borough and township, where he had lived for a number of years. He leaves a widow and four grown up children. He was about 60 years of age.

Undertaker Mash took charge of and prepared the body for burial.—Bradford Era.

HOUSE AND BARN BURNED.

Horse and Yoke of Oxen Perish in the Flames Near Crosby.

A portable house and barn together with a horse and yoke of oxen were burned on the Heinemann wood job near Crosby last Monday night. The buildings and animals belonged to N. W. Heinemann of Colegrove and the loss entailed was about $1,000 on which, we understand, there was no insurance.

These houses and barns are so constructed that they can be folded up [illegible] the burning structure.

It is thought that some person [illegible] portable stable [illegible] accidentally set it on fire and left without giving an alarm. This experience has prompted Mr. Heinemann to give notice that all trespassers will hereafter be dealt with according to law.

"STATE ROADS" SURVEY.

The First Route Covered is From Warren to Smethport.

W. A. Wynn, division engineer of the State Highway Department, announces the beginning of surveys on August 1, under the "Sproul Highway law," says the Warren Times. The first route taken up in this district is No. 95 from Warren to Smethport, via Sheffield, Ludlow, Kane, Mt. Jewett, Hazelhurst and Kasson. The starting point is the Warren county court house.

The law calls for surveys of all the 296 routes to be made at once, and it is then the plan to take up the actual construction of these roads as rapidly as the funds are provided.

It is quite likely that another corps will be started in this district in the near future, in order to have the surveys and plans completed by June 1, 1912, when all roads named as "State roads" must be taken over by the State Highway Department.

A WARNING.

To Persons To Avoid Trespassing on Property of N. W. Neinemann.

On Monday night a portable house and barn containing a yoke of oxen and a horse were burned up on the Heinemann wood job near Crosby by some careless person unknown and therefore Mr. Heinemann gives warning that all persons caught trespassing on his lands or property will be dealt with according to law.

2t N. W. HEINEMANN.

Subscribe for The Miner.

MITCHELL-GREEN NUPTIALS.

Miss Hazel E. Green, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Green of Green street, this borough, and Mr. William P. Mitchell of Gibbsboro, N. J., were united in marriage in Olean last Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock, July 27, 1911, Justice of the Peace Walter Reynolds performing the ceremony.

This wedding was somewhat of a surprise to the many friends of the young couple, they having kept their intentions a profound secret between themselves until after the ceremony was performed and they returned home that evening when the announcement was made to their friends.

The bride is a charming young girl who possesses considerable musical talent, she having taken leading parts in several difficult musicals and light operas given in this place in which Mr. Mitchell also took part. The groom is a well-known and popular printer now employed in the printing establishment of the John Lucas & Co's paint manufacturing plant at Gibbsboro, N. J. He was formerly employed in this office as job man and extra linotype operator.

They will reside in Gibbsboro. Mr. Mitchell left on Tuesday for his home there and Mrs. Mitchell will follow him in a short time.

The Miner and a host of friends wish them a long and happy married life.

STELLA HODGES' NEW STORY.

"Confession" of Accidentally Killing Amann Declared Fake.

The most important feature of the evidence produced at the hearing on an argument for a new trial for John M. Andrews was a sworn statement by Stella Hodges, who made the statement some time ago that she had accidentally killed Amann.

Her sworn statement, in writing, was presented to the court. It denies [illegible] story of her killing Amann and also denied several other statements made by her after her alleged confession. The last portion of her statement tells of her knowledge of the case. In it she says:

"Friday night, January 27, 1911, I [illegible] Amann [illegible] the sixth and [illegible] between the hours of 5:30 and 7 [illegible] He stated to Andrews [illegible] with him in which they would be talking and the rest would be off and I should return to my house. I left my house about five minutes of six o'clock, walked up Yankee Hill road to the opening in the fence, where I heard the shot and I ran down to my house.

"This is all I know about the case. I made this statement voluntarily and of my own free will. I did not see anybody going up the hill or coming down the hill nor did I see anybody when the shots took place.

"(Signed) STELLA HODGE."

AUTO TURNS OVER.

Another Lucky Automobile Accident on a Narrow Potter County Road.

To-day at about four o'clock an automobile belonging to Mrs. Kearon Fitzsimmons of Roulette and driven by Mr. Goodwin of the Card creek pumping station, went over an embankment between Mina and Olmsted, seriously but not fatally injuring the occupants of the car. Mr. Goodwin had been overhauling the Fitzsimmons car and was testing it out on the river road when they met another car and in attempting to pass on the narrow dugway road, the Fitzsimmons car going south, slipped over the band and turned turtle. A. Castle, Mrs. Fitzsimmons' father, was in the rear seat with her. They were thrown from the vehicle as it went over, but were not caught. Goodwin is suffering from a lame leg and a sprained shoulder. Dr. McGranor was summoned and was driven hurriedly to Roulette where the injured people were brought by another automobile, the occupants of which went promptly to the help of the injured. The Fitzsimmons car was badly jarred up.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Brood Mare for Sale.

1200 lb. Bay Mare, now with foal, for sale at $60.00 cash. Has been used for delivery work and is all right on light work, but not recommended for heavy team work. For more information call or address

WM. H. WELLS,
1t Cyclone, Pa.

THE ADVANCE OF WOMEN.

The Advance of Woman's Suffrage in Various Parts of the World.

While, in a general way, most of us seem to realize that some advance has been made by woman in her desire to take part, side by side, with man, in the business affairs of the world, it is extremely probable that the extent of the ground won is realized by few. A pretty fair summary has been made by a woman writer in one of the current magazines and the record is enough to convince even the most skeptical that "when a woman will she will, you may depend on't."

In her battle for equality of privilege woman has won the full suffrage in no less than five of the States of the United States, in Finland, Federated Australia, New Zealand, Portugal and Iceland. And in Norway, with a slight taxpaying restriction, she has full suffrage also. The privilege of voting on all but parliamentary questions is granted in Great Britain and Wales, Denmark and Sweden. The privilege of the suffrage on municipal affairs is granted in Canada, in Natal, Africa, Bombay, Laibach, Austria, and Zurich, Switzerland. The franchise in restricted form is granted to women in Russia where female householders may vote on members for the local council; in Italy and France where they may vote for the tribunal of Commerce; in the province of Vorarlberg, Austria, when they are taxpaying women; in Hungary, if they own real estate and in Germany where women farmers may vote for the members of the Chamber of Agriculture.

This much has woman already won and still she keeps the [illegible] her voice heard demanding more. It would seem that to a certain extent woman is conquering prejudice and is being accorded by man the privileges and the responsibilities and duties she craves, so that universal woman's suffrage may be considered no longer [illegible]

If there still remains opposition to granting women all they desire and ask for [illegible] But this idea is becoming antediluvian and, apparently, woman is determined to continue her advance in her own way. More power to her!

Williamsport Commercial College.

Fall term begins Tuesday, Sept. 5th. This is the largest Commercial School in Central Pennsylvania, and young people in this locality who are thinking of entering a school for bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting and preparatory work can obtain all information by writing for catalogue. Students who entered at nine different commercial schools last year, finished at this school. It pays to attend the best. During the past year 164 calls were received for office help. We place more graduates than some schools have students. Get a business education at the Williamsport Commercial College and you will get a good position.

It F. F. HEALEY, Proprietor.

The Lock Haven State Normal School has graduated 2300 students. A large per cent. of them have followed the profession of teaching but some are in business and otherwise engaged. Moreover where they have gone they have carried with them the big ideals and progressive aims of this great home school. Parents can feel absolutely safe concerning their children when they become Lock Haven students. The sympathetic discipline about the institution is inspiring and helpful to students. This is one of the reasons why careful parents are selecting this school. It has a modern equipment, a fine faculty, and the location is healthful and attractive. Write for its illustrated catalog. It

Westbrook Commercial Academy.

They are at a premium again this year. To finish a course in this school means quick returns. More positions than graduates. Thirtieth year opens Sept. 5. Aug.3-2t

Advertise in The Miner.

Married In Haste

But There Is No Record of Repenting at Leisure

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911

"I wish you to be my bridesmaid," wrote my friend Clara Wightman, "and you are to be matched with George's best man. Of all men John Bucklin is the best, except George, who, you know, is the best in the world to me just now. And I have a feeling down in my heart, dear, that you and John will make a match. He is everything you could wish for, except means. But he is self reliant, ambitious, full of energy and hope, and, after all, a marriage with that kind of man brings more happiness than wealth. At any rate, it brings more zest to life."

I don't know anything that will more interest a girl than to have some one say, "I have a man picked out for you to marry." A pleasing curiosity is aroused at once. True these partners picked out by a third person are usually just what the girl doesn't want, or he doesn't want her, or they are repellent to each other. Nevertheless till they meet they—at least the girl—lives in a world of romance. She wonders what he is like in appearance, in intellect, in disposition, forming an ideal picture of him which when she sees him brings a great disappointment. Perhaps this is the reason such intended matches seldom materialize.

Instead of being disappointed in John Bucklin I was greatly pleased with him. His serious looks indicated that the world was to him an important problem. I had feared he would turn out one of those so called fascinating society men that I did not admire. He was very deferential to me, but if he had been told that I had been picked out for him he showed no consciousness of the fact. Altogether our meeting was satisfactory in all respects but one. Mr. Bucklin showed no sign whatever that he took more interest in me than was warranted by the fact that I was matched with him at a wedding ceremony.

However, the acquaintance made on that occasion was continued, and Mr. Bucklin became a regular caller at our house. He was usually very busy, but found time to show me some attention. Yet it seemed to me that he was doing it to please Clara, with whom he was on very friendly terms. Occasionally I would twit her with the failure of her plan for me, whereupon she would say: "I don't think John considers himself able to marry just now. Besides, it seems to me that you treat him with marked indifference." As to her excuse for Mr. Bucklin, I did not consider this of any moment whatever. I was surprised at her saying that I treated him with indifference, for I was not conscious of doing so. And yet Clara was doubtless right. If a match is designed by a third party and the man in the case does not make a move in a matrimonial direction the girl is very likely to receive him with either indifference or something more pronounced.

There was another good reason why I should marry. The family purse was not plethoric, and father was growing too old to remain much longer in business harness. About that time we discharged our housemaid, giving out that we couldn't get a servant, but really because we couldn't afford to keep one. I did the work that the housemaid had done. When I swept and dusted I pinned my dress back and wore a towel over my head. Father encouraged me by saying that I looked prettier in that costume than when dressed for a ball.

One morning I was sweeping the parlor. It was separated from the dining room by folding doors as well as a portiere. At this particular time the folding doors and the portieres were both closed. I heard the doorbell ring. I couldn't go to the door in sweeping costume, but father had not yet gone out, and I knew he would do so. I was about to run upstairs when I heard father's step in the hall and knew I was too late. Fearing he might bring some one into the parlor, I stepped between the folding doors and the portiere.

I had scarcely got into concealment when father entered the room and with him another person. I couldn't see who this person was, but all doubt on the subject was soon removed by hearing the deep sounding voice of John Bucklin. Naturally I was very much astonished.

"I must go into an explanation," he said to father, "for making a call at this unusual hour before I state the object of my visit. I sail this afternoon for South America, and so far as I can judge I see no prospect of my getting back here possibly for years."

I surely thought I should faint.

"I shall enter into some particulars," continued the man who had been picked out for me, "the reason for which will appear as I proceed. I have been admitted to a partnership with the firm by whom I have been employed and am going to South America to open a branch house there. I confess that I dislike going from home, breaking ties that have been forming ever since I was born, to dwell among strangers."

What in the world could the man be driving at?

"Now, it has occurred to me that—I'm a practical sort of fellow, you know—I have thought that the most sensible thing I can do—of course there isn't much time for such an important move—What I am trying to get out"—

For heaven's sake, get it out!

"The matter I am driving at is that I'd like to take your daughter with me as my wife."

Well, I declare! He wants to take some one down into that barbarous country simply for company, to help him through with his spare time. He won't take me!

There was a brief silence, at the end of which I heard father ask, "Have you spoken to my daughter?"

"I have not. In any event I would have asked your permission to do so, and this very unusual haste renders it essential."

"So far as I am concerned," said father, "I have no objection. I will call Sadie, and if you think you can induce her to consent to such a hasty marriage you are quite welcome to try. But if you will be guided by an elder man, a married man, you will not word your proposition to her as you have to me. I would advise you to tell her that this move is the result of love, not an expedient. It doesn't matter that expediency is your principal reason. We must give women a little taffy, you know."

Oh, these men!

But a matter of far greater importance arrested my attention—at least it seemed more important at the time. Father went to the door and called me. Of course there was no answer. He went out into the hall and called again. Then I heard him go upstairs. "Where's Sadie?" "She's below." "No, she isn't." "She surely isn't up here." "Find her."

Imagine my feelings, standing bolt upright in the narrow space between the doors and the portiere, the man who had proposed for me so near that I was afraid he would hear me breathe, angry with him at his outrageous proposition to take me away to amuse him, sure to be discovered in this unfortunate, disgraceful position and, worse than all, in sweeping costume. I surely thought I should suffocate.

Well, I must do something. They all knew that I was in the house and would hunt till they found me. I could better endure to face my lover. My lover—just think of it! Better call him my buyer—a pet dog for his amusement! Better that I should come out of hiding and face him than be caught eavesdropping. I tried three times to make a move before I succeeded. The third time, my heart beating like a kettledrum, my face red as a beet, I bolted for the door leading into the hall, called to father, "Never mind; I'm here in the parlor," then slammed it to impress it upon every one without the room that I was shut up with my proposer and was to be let alone. Then I turned and faced him.

And he faced me. I don't know which was the more ludicrous, the gape on his face or the mortification mingled with wounded pride on mine. It seemed that we two rather than take up love and marriage were about to spring at each other like two wild animals.

The proper thing for me to have done under the circumstances was to wait for him to speak. But consider the situation. If it was not enough to rattle any girl, had she even the heart of a fish, then I am no judge of situations. Instead of appearing sensible of the compliment he had paid me in asking me to be his wife, instead of explaining that I had been an enforced eavesdropper, instead of saying a lot of things I should have said, I did what I should not, pouring upon him a torrent of abuse for proposing to make a convenience of me.

He stood listening to me deferentially, attentively and, I must add, admiringly. When I came to a pause he spoke:

"I've seen you in a number of costumes, but I never saw you look so pretty as in this one."

Then for the first time it occurred to me that I was doing the wrong thing, and I became conscious of my costume.

I suppose it was the sudden change of expression on my face. At any rate, my proposer smiled. Then the absurdity of it all occurred to me, and I repressed a smile. I was in no mood for trifling.

"Let me explain," he said. "In talking to your father I was talking as man to man, not as man to woman. I assure you I have no such talk for you." He came up to me and, taking me by the hand, led me to a seat and sat down beside me. What he said is not to be repeated, but it certainly was not what he said to father. It put an entirely different complexion on the matter and not only mollified me, but thrilled me.

He didn't speak long—there was no time. As soon as he had my answer he took up the practical part of the matter, explaining to me how much loneliness it would save him if I would go with him to South America, for he had a work before him that he could not leave for a long while. I consented, agreed to meet him at the parsonage at 5 o'clock and go with him from there to the steamer, which was to sail at 7.

How I got ready in a quarter of a day to be married and go into a country lying on the other side of the equator, how without a trousseau I was joined in wedlock to a man who had never spoken to me of love before that morning, how the telephone summoned Clara and her husband to be present at the church and how we were waved away to our foreign home were and are the wonder of my life.

GOLD FOR JEWELERS.

Most of the Raw Material Is Bought From the Government.

Jewelers derive their gold supply from various sources, such as old jewelry, banks and refineries, but the greater part of the raw gold used by the manufacturer comes from the government.

From the refiner the gold comes to the factory in the form of buttons or granules. The refineries employ the waste of the jewelry shops and by burning off the material portions and subjecting the result to certain processes recover much gold that otherwise would be lost to the trade.

For many years there was a steady drain on the gold coin in circulation, caused by the use of the coin by jewelers in search of raw material. The fact that our government turned out a coin that after passing through the assay office was of twenty-two carat fineness, only two grains below the pure gold standard, and had also been worked over, the silver and copper forming the alloy having been mixed thoroughly in the gold before the coin was minted, made the gold coin particularly attractive to the jeweler. The manufacturer experienced no trouble when the gold coin was used, inasmuch as the alloy always had been combined with the metal, and all that was necessary for the commercial utilization of the coin was to alloy it sufficiently to bring the gold down to the point required; also, from the jeweler's viewpoint, a lot of time and difficulty was saved, inasmuch as this scheme did away with much bookkeeping and rendered unnecessary the tying up of considerable amounts of money in the purchase of raw material to be held as stock. Later, however, the government made up the pure gold in brick or bar form, and it is in that shape the greater bulk of the supply is now derived.

Thousands of dollars pass between the banks and the manufacturing jewelers every year in the forms of bars of gold, the banks handling these for the benefit of their clients. The bricks vary in value according to weight from $200 to $500 and come with the government assay office stamp as a guarantee of purity and fineness.—New York Press.

STANDARD MEASURES.

The Old Bucket and the Half Bushel Basket Were Alike.

Farmer Giles had heard rumors of the short weight scandal; but, as for himself, he was honest in thought, word and deed. He was naturally incensed when an apple buyer from the city objected to his half bushel measure.

"I've used that red bucket five years," he said, "and I know it's correct."

"A dozen years' use wouldn't affect its correctness," was the reply. "Have you any other reason for thinking it is correct?"

The farmer controlled his anger and after a moment's thought led his critic to the corncrib and showed him a basket woven from hickory splits. "That measure twice full fills this," he said. "And this holds exactly a bushel."

"How do you know it does?"

"Because Bill Sullivan made it. He makes baskets for everybody, and he said it was a bushel."

Still the man was not satisfied. They went to interview Bill.

"Why, of course," said the basket maker, "I weave every one of them of an exact size. I make only one pattern basket to hold a bushel."

"But how do you know the pattern holds a bushel?"

"How do I know? I'm sure of it. I made it originally to hold two of this half bushel basket."

"And this half bushel basket?"

Bill frowned and pulled his hair in an effort to remember. Then his face brightened.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm sure of it. I tried it one time, Giles, by that old red bucket measure of yours!"—Youth's Companion.

The Way to Bake Beans.

To make baked beans soak one and one-half pints small white beans overnight in soft water. In the morning drain and parboil, but not enough to crush the beans. Place in the bottom of a bean pot several slices of bacon (salt or fresh pork), then put in about half the beans, over which sprinkle salt, a heaping spoonful of brown sugar or New Orleans molasses, then more slices of the bacon. Over this place the rest of the beans, with the salt, sugar or molasses and bacon on top. Cover with soft water and bake at least eight hours, though they are better if baked all day. Add soft water as needed.

The High Hatbox.

If you keep your hatbox on a high shelf in a closet you may find the following suggestion worth trying: Slit open the two upright edges of one side of the hatbox, so that when the cover is raised this side will drop down as if on hinges. This will allow you to remove or replace the hat without taking the box from the shelf.—Harper's.

His Sincerity.

"I was surprised when I heard that Grabrox had joined the church."

"I wasn't. I happened to be present when he and his business partner shook dice to see which member of the firm should join."—Indianapolis Journal.

In His Line.

"He is building an immense artificial mountain on his country estate."

"Well, I guess it comes sort of natural for him to put up a bluff."—Puck.

Vindicated

The Sea Gave Up a Secret That Made Several Persons Happy

By E. KINGLAND WILLIAMS

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911

Up to a certain date I had always been skeptical of remarkable happenings. I was converted by an occurrence which if told me by my most trusted friend I would not have believed. And my conversion was the more complete since the marvelous episode turned the current of my whole life and made a husband and father of a bachelor. At any rate, I don't care to hear people sneer at improbabilities or at persons who vouch for them.

I was thirty years old and a confirmed bachelor. In fact, I considered myself especially fitted for single life. Whether or no I was fitted to be married never occurred to me. Doubtless if I had thought of that side of the proposition I should have considered that if I had chosen to marry I would make a model husband. But no marriage for me! Why should a man give up his freedom to suffer the annoyances of matrimony?

But it doesn't make any difference what a man's opinion is of matrimony. If he happens to be struck by matrimonial lightning he succumbs like any one else. It was at the seashore that the bolt fell upon me, and I forgot all about my prenuptial prejudices. Indeed, I began to worry and fret and fume for fear that matrimony would be denied me, for there was just one woman in the world I wished to marry, and if I didn't get her life would be no more worth living.

I was standing on the beach one bright morning where the blue waves were rolling in merrily looking at the bathers. A lady, young, rather pretty and whose superb figure was shown to advantage by a becoming bathing suit, walked leisurely down to the water's edge and stood looking out upon the scene before her. Each wave that came up sent a line of white froth to clasp her ankles. A breeze played with her skirt. Then she walked out to a greater depth, dived under an incoming wave and appeared beyond it swimming like a dolphin.

I watched for the lady when she came out of the ocean and saw her go into a little cottage built up against the dunes. The door closed behind her, but her image had been left with me. I saw her again the same evening supporting an old lady, doubtless her mother, on the board walk. This time I had a good view of her face, and a melancholy resting upon it only added to my suddenly awakened interest. Possibly any other expression would have served the same purpose, for when a man's imagination has been kindled by the spark of love any trait the fair one possesses is either thrilling or delightful and usually both.

I secured an introduction to Miss Henrietta Chamberlin and was graciously accorded permission to call at the cottage, where she lived with her mother and a younger brother. Every member of the family seemed to be under a melancholy induced by some misfortune. The natural disposition common to them all I judged to be genial and happy. But if at any time any or all became exhilarated some closet skeleton would thrust itself in upon their merriment and hush it.

Thinking to learn something about them, I questioned persons with whom they were acquainted. But no one knew them any better than I. When the Chamberlins were asked where they hailed from they gave evasive answers, stating usually that at present they were unsettled. Of all the persons with whom they became intimate during their sojourn at the seashore not one could give any account of them.

For a time this mystery put a damper on my enthusiasm with regard to Miss Chamberlin. But it was taking one step forward to two backward. I was becoming rapidly enthralled and soon got beyond any question of expediency. Then, too, the seashore is a dangerous place for those who wish to keep out of love's whirlpool. Though the waters look cool and tempting, there are sea pussies that are liable to whirl one beyond one's depth.

Miss Chamberlin and I were standing one moonlight night just above the highest line of foam when one of these pussies came up and carried up into a boundless ocean of torture—or was it a water fay that did the damage? At all events while we were looking at the moon's shimmer on the water, changing with the light clouds that floated lazily over her face, something took away all my caution, and I poured forth an unpremeditated story of love.

Instead of exciting pleasure I saw under the moonlight shining full in her face the melancholy she usually wore intensified.

"I have been weak," she said. "No woman can fail to see love before it is expressed. I should have repelled you."

"Why?" I asked, overwhelmed by a grievous disappointment.

"It's a secret."

"Tell me."

"There's a stain on our family name. Ask me no more."

I learned nothing further from Henrietta Chamberlin. I did afterward learn the secret and in the strangest of all ways. But not then. Several years passed when it was given to me—by what?—the boundless ocean.

I could not move her, and beyond being allowed to call myself her friend I was permitted to come no nearer to her. I learned that the family were very proud and sensitive and that whenever they met any one to reveal their identity they left the place where they were immediately.

Miss Chamberlin and I parted as friends, but we were really lovers.

One summer I was yachting off the New Jersey coast when Joe Shedd, one of the crew, came to me with a bottle he had taken out of the water.

"I don't want it," I said. "This coast is covered with bottles that young people have thrown out with fake accounts of shipwreck in them."

The man went away, but presently returned with a paper, which he said might mean something real. It read:

Whoever finds this take up floor N. E. corner of sawmill one mile west of D., Conn.

"It's one of these children's messages," I said to the man, "to fool persons." Then I handed it back to him.

During the next autumn Shedd came into my office. He said that he couldn't get it out of his head that the message he had picked up at sea was a bona fide one. He would like to go to D. and look into the matter, but he had no money for the purpose. I tried to persuade him to dismiss the subject from his mind, but when I was satisfied that he wouldn't do so till he had proved the truth of my position I advanced him the price of a ticket to D. with something to spare.

"Whatever I find," he said, "I'll bring to you."

"You'll not find anything to bring. But don't worry about repaying the amount I have advanced. It's not a loan; it's a gift."

He made no reply to this, but left me, and that's the last I thought of the matter for a week, when he paid me another visit. I saw in a moment by his expression that he had found something.

"Well," I said jocularly, "did you get a big diamond?"

We were alone, and he closed the door before replying. Then he said:

"No, but I got a hundred $1,000 bonds."

I wondered if the man had gone daft.

"I consider the find yours, sir," he continued, "so I didn't disturb anything I found, putting back the flooring. Nobody knew about my being there."

"Do you mean to tell me you found a lot of bonds placed where that paper you picked up indicated?"

"I do."

"What else?" I asked after drawing several long breaths.

"This."

He handed me a paper, on which was scrawled in lead pencil:

Cashier didn't do this. The man as did is where he can't be reached.

Notwithstanding that this paper had a genuine look, some time was required for Shedd to convince me that it would be worth while to go with him and have a look at his find.

"You see, sir," he said, "the bonds must have been stolen property, and I'm afraid to touch 'em for fear of getting myself into trouble."

"Very well," I said at last. "I'll go with you, and if you've found some missing securities and there is a reward offered for their recovery I'll see that you get it."

We reached D. in the afternoon, and, Shedd having provided himself with tools and a lantern, after supper we walked out to a deserted sawmill. It was some distance from the road and stood alone. Going to a corner of the mill, Shedd removed some rubbish and took up a plank of flooring. Between two joists lay a bundle, the wrapper being a newspaper. Shedd handed it to me, and, unrolling it, there sure enough were a hundred $1,000 bonds of a railway company. I saw at a glance that they were not negotiable by the thieves. The date on the newspaper indicated that it had been printed nine years before. Shedd had taken the only thing besides the bonds—the scrap of paper—that had been left in the place of concealment.

Having replaced the flooring, we returned by an early train the next morning, and, going to police headquarters, I reported the find.

I was informed that nine years before a certain bank had missed the bonds, and the cashier whose accounts were short had been convicted of making way with them. And here came the surprise of my life and an explanation of a mystery that had kept me from the woman I loved.

The name of the cashier was Vincent Chamberlin.

There had been just enough shortage in his accounts and circumstantial evidence against him to convict him of having taken the bonds, doubtless for the purpose of speculation. Their finding, with the note accompanying them, was a vindication for the cashier, and he was released from prison.

The happiest day in my life was when, having gone to my Henrietta with her brother's vindication in my hands, I saw the look of mingled wonder and delight in her eyes as she read the words that were to take away the great stain and make him a free man. She stood for awhile looking at nothing, as if wrapped in a happy dream. I refrained from interrupting this joyous sense of relief as long as I could contain myself, then took her in my arms. I said nothing, nor did she. Her head fell upon my shoulder, and this was the only sign I asked for to know that my season of disappointment had ended.

RACE FOR A THIEF

Wild Chase Through the Streets In the Heart of London.

A DETECTIVE'S QUICK WORK.

The Police Officer Was Not Only Rapid Himself, but Compelled an Unsuspecting Bystander to Join In the Mad Flight and Capture.

In defending the London police from charges of incompetence a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine narrates an incident in which he figured a few years ago, when he accompanied his wife to a Bond street jeweler's, where she went in to match some pearls and have some gems reset, he awaiting her on the street, where he smoked his cigar. He says:

"I noticed three well dressed men go into the shop and several women, when suddenly one of the well dressed men came out through the glass doors of the shop and pushed rapidly past me as he turned up the street. At the same moment I was seized violently by the arm by a milkman who had been arranging his cans on his handcart just in front of the shop.

"'Quick, governor!' he shouted. 'After him or we lose him! Look; he's passed the bag to a pal!'

"Now, for the life of me I cannot tell you what impelled me. I'm not the kind of man that you can picture tearing up Bond street in the wake of an agitated milkman. But there was something in the grip that man took of my arm that impelled me, so that I threw away my cigar and ran after the man with the bag neck and neck with the milkman, who exhorted me to continue in my efforts by shouting:

"'Throw a leg, governor! If we lose him we lose him forever!'

"We tore up Conduit street. I don't know what the passersby thought. I had no time to think of them. When we reached Regent street our quarry dived into the traffic like a frog into a mill race. We went in after him. How I missed being knocked down I don't know. The milkman took the same risks. We were across almost as soon as the man and sped after him. I don't know what streets we doubled down. I know that at this period it flashed across my mind that I was making a conspicuous ass of myself. Here I was racing down the slums of Soho at the bidding of a strange milkman, who never stopped in his exhortations to me.

"'Keep it up and we'll get him!'

"Our quarry doubled and tacked, but we stuck to him till just as we were pacing down the very worst looking street of the lot he suddenly slipped into a low house, of which the door was open. My milkman never lost a second. He whispered hoarsely in my ear:

"'Stop here, governor, and grab the first person as comes out of that house, no matter who he is! I know the way behind.'

"In a flash he was gone. He had slipped down an alleyway and disappeared. I felt a real fool, and the whole folly of my action rushed in upon me. I had left my wife stranded in a shop in Bond street, I had lost my hat and my stick, and here I was in an almost deserted street, standing outside a door waiting with orders from a strange man to grab the first person that came out of it. In two seconds more I would have left the place and gone to the nearest hatter, a wiser and chastened man. But just at that moment a boy of about fifteen came out of the door. My milkman must have left his spell upon me, for I immediately threw my arms around him.

"'Lemme go, governor!' he shouted. 'I ain't done nuthin' to you!'

"He struggled hard, and the more he struggled the more I felt impelled to hold him. And then suddenly, as if by magic, two policemen appeared on the scene and seized my boy for me. My milkman, wreathed in smiles, appeared in the doorway from which the boy had just come, saying blithely and, quite respectfully:

"'You've done that very well, sir. We've got the other two inside.' He then added, 'I'll just put my hands over this young feller.'

"He took off the boy's battered hat, and out of the lining came a roll of £80 in Bank of England notes. He then went through the boy's clothes and produced out of his socks a pair of ruby and diamond earrings which, to my astonishment, I saw, were the very gewgaws that my wife had taken with her to have reset. The detective, for my milkman was nothing less, then pinched the boy's ear and said:

"'Where's the lady's bag?'

"'In the yard, sir,' he answered sulkily enough.

"The milkman retrieved it, and, sure enough, it was my wife's bag.

"'But,' I said to the detective, 'how did you know that I was connected with the lady who owns this bag?'

"'It's our business to know a few things,' he said. 'But if you hadn't been game to run we should have lost the lot. We were only just in time.'

"We left the boy and the two men in the house in the custody of constables and took a cab back to Bond street, and here the strangest part of the story comes in. We found my wife still discussing her pearls with the jeweler, quite unconscious of the fact that her bag was gone."

What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee.—Marcus Aurelius.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for every[illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment Prices are right

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport. Pa.

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants

At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport Thursday Aug 3 1911

LOCAL AND GENERAL

[illegible] has been [illegible] store

—[illegible] in front of his boarding house on West street

—F W [illegible] foundation [illegible] his barn [illegible] King street

A [illegible] the [illegible] last F[illegible] The machine belonged to a New York [illegible] man

—Mrs E A Freeman sold on Monday her property [illegible] street to Mrs M [illegible] of this [illegible]

[illegible]

—[illegible] was [illegible] Saturday [illegible] and was taken before [illegible] fined $[illegible] and costs which he paid

[illegible] Do[illegible] Smethport [illegible] I think it would be a good idea for him to come to Smethport (Cyclone) and look after the way the boys are [illegible] the cattle and the [illegible] they are making of the young cattle I think this is something that should be looked after and I as the mother of three boys would like to see an end of it

—Four well known Ridgway young men were arrested on Saturday evening at that place for stealing fruit from a Greek fruit stand The proprietor of the place had made several complaints recently to the police about the sneak thieves so the officer made it his business to watch the place and it was only a short time until he saw four young men sneaking fruit from the display outside and he immediately placed them under arrest The following day they encountered the Greek and succeeded in playing on his feelings so that he withdrew the charge providing they paid for the stolen fruit

—There was a wedding at Galeton a few days ago that has about it some rather peculiar features John W Neff and Miss Edith Button the bride and bridegroom are mutes The official at the ceremony was Justice of the Peace W D Allen He made the parties understand that each should read the marriage vows and at the end of each reading he motioned whether they accepted the provisions In this way the complete ceremony was followed The bride and groom become acquainted with each other while they were attending a deaf and dumb school in Philadelphia —Wellsboro Gazette

The [illegible] of [illegible] building [illegible] greatly improves its [illegible]

[illegible]

—[illegible] Company [illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] Buffalo and Niagara Falls excursion for Thursday August [illegible]

An exchange truthfully remarks [illegible] come from [illegible] of wealth [illegible] the house where a comfortable [illegible] luxury [illegible] belongs to the great middle class—that class which has given [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr [illegible] of the duty and [illegible] the state charged [illegible] short of [illegible] They were taken before [illegible] of the Peace H[illegible] Mr H[illegible] paid his fine but Mr Edwards case is still pending [illegible] may be appealed to the higher court

—The Williamsport Sun of Saturday says Harry W Rose a Williamsport boy who is now captain of [illegible] railroad police on the Renovo division with headquarters at Renovo yesterday received a check for $[illegible] from the United States government as a reward for the arrest and conviction of the bandits who robbed the Eldred McKean county postoffice on May 1 1910 Captain Rose with Detective Walter Filbert and William Biter of Erie arrested the culprits just 21 days after the crime had been committed as the trio were about to board a freight train at Corry The reward money will be divided between the three sleuths

—Howard Lippert the 1[illegible] year old son of George Lippert of 115 Barbour street disappeared from his home on Tuesday morning says the Bradford Star, and his present whereabouts are enshrouded in mystery It has been reported that the boy was seen on Wednesday night but this statement has not been verified The lad never remained away from home over night before and his absence at this time naturally causes much anxiety Howard was dressed in a coat of checked material a pair of overalls black shirt waist black cap and wore a pair of Oxfords He is tall and slender and has blue eyes and light colored hair It is thought the boy may have left the city in company with some of the horsemen who departed early in the week for Corry

Fearful Football.

Football had its enemies among the early Puritans in England In 1583 one Philip Stubbes produced a work entitled The Anatomie of Abuses, wherein there is a very fierce attack on football The game was played with vigor in the sixteenth century "Whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scot free " writes the author, " but is either sore wounded craised and bruised so as he dyeth of it or else scapeth very hardlie and no mervalle, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dashe him against the harte with the elbowes, to hit him under the short ribs with their griped fists and with their knees to catch him upon the hippes and to pick him on the neck, with a hundred such murthering devices and hereof groweth envie malice, rancour choler hatred displeasure enmitie and what not els and sometimes brawling contention quarrel picking murther homicide and great effusion of blood as experience teacheth "

The Puzzle Master

To the present writer who never got the hang of a single puzzle in all his life without help Sam Lloyd was the most remarkable person in the world for he invented 10 000 puzzles in more than half a century of diabolical activity He began when he was six by scaring the cook with ventriloquial voices in the kitchen chimney and taking the rabbits out of the pockets of his mother's guests in the parlor At ten he was a noted chess player and invented many chess problems He studied to be an engineer along with side dashes into painting and drawing languages and mathematics But his propensity to puzzle was too much for him While still almost a youth he invented and drew a puzzle in fifteen minutes printed the first edition at a cost of less than $[illegible] and made $10,000 [illegible] Who said he would have [illegible] when he could make $[illegible] in fifteen minutes —American Magazine

Cattle Locusts and Railways

In running railways in Brazil there are two difficulties to contend with which the European traveler does not know—cattle and locusts The cattle cannot be kept off the track Miles and miles of it are fenced in and yet the cattle manage to force their way through and then cannot get out The cowcatcher is efficient but not sufficiently so as the trains are often derailed by an ox getting caught either between the cowcatcher or cylinder and the rail or even between the locomotive and the truss of a bridge Such accidents are far less serious Locusts are less common but occasionally travel along in clouds When they come to earth they may pile up to a [illegible] depth in the cuttings and of course the locomotives will skid on [illegible] uselessly This happens but infrequently —Cassell's Magazine

Bridges In Korea

Some idea of the delights of traveling in Korea is given by the following description by a traveler of the bridges in that country A first class bridge in Korea is simply an [illegible] ment of [illegible] These are scarce A second class bridge is a series of isolated stones from one to another of which the visitor must jump A third class bridge much the commonest variety is invisible Its position is indicated by a couple of posts on each side of the river They mean that you must wade across as the water will probably not go much above your chest

Creation of a Knight

The ceremonies at the creation of a knight have been various The principal were a box on the ear and a stroke with a sword on the shoulder John of Salisbury tells us the blow with the naked fist was in use among the ancient Normans By this it was that William the Conqueror conferred the honor of knighthood on his son Henry It was afterward changed into a blow with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the knight.

Hard to Find Things

He—Where are my collars dear?

She—I don t really know

Well yesterday I couldn t find my shirts this morning my ties were missing now I can t find my collars. The only place I know worse than my bureau is my card index system!'—Yonkers Statesman

Well, Rather

"I think it is disgraceful to be enormously rich

Oh so do I I was brought up to think that way But say"—

"Well?"

"Don t you wish once in awhile that you weren t so blamed respectable?"—Toledo Blade

Well Answered

An American woman who had been told by a Britisher that America was deficient in antiquities and curiosities remarked "The antiquities will come. As for our curiosities we import them."

Cautious.

Dr Bill (meeting former patient)—Ah good morning Mr Jones' How are you feeling this morning? Mr Jones—Doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?

A Work of Genius.

An ideally brief and delightful advertisement comes from a London shop window It runs Our trousers 5 shillings a leg All seats free '

The independence and liberty you possess are the work of common dangers, sufferings and successes.—Washington.

The White Whale.

One of the creatures that inhabit the northern seas is the beluga or white whale It frequents the Arctic ocean enters the numerous bays and inlets and sometimes travels up the fresh water streams to a considerable distance in search of food It preys upon fish and owing to its ability to swim very rapidly it is able to capture the fastest of these It is pure white in color and quite large, often reaching fifteen to eighteen feet in length It has a large mouth containing a number of very sharp conical teeth It swims by doubling its strong tail back under its body and driving itself forward with a powerful stroke The natives of those cold regions which it inhabits catch the white whale with stout net and by the use of the harpoon A portion of the flesh is used for food and the remaining portion is converted into a very fine grade of [illegible] oil which finds a ready sale The skins are removed and made into leather —Harper's Weekly

Elephant Toothache

A London surgeon who had been for many years in India says he would sooner risk a railway accident than meet an elephant with toothache It appears that toothache affects an elephant in a more severe manner than it does any other animal Elephants have very sensitive nerves and a touch of toothache often brings on madness. Provided you are able to chain down an elephant and draw out the offending tooth the brute is certain to be affectionate to you afterward Here is an instance An elephant in Bengal India became affected with toothache but the keepers managed to secure it while a dentist drew a decayed tooth—the cause of the trouble After a time the elephant seemed to understand that the dentist was trying to do something for his pain and he gave every evidence of appreciating the attention When the operation was over he frisked round the dentist like a young lamb

Oxygen as a Cutting Tool

A jet of burning oxygen from a blowpipe may be successfully employed to cut sheet iron iron tubes and small bars The cut made is almost as sharp and thin as that made by a saw In earlier attempts difficulty was encountered in clearing the cut of liquid metal and in preventing the spread of the melting effect beyond the border of the cut In later processes two blowpipes were used The first has an ordinary oxyhydrogen flame which heats the iron to redness at the place where the cut is to be made This is followed immediately by the second jet composed of pure oxygen which instantly burns the metal without melting The liquified iron is blown swiftly from the fissure so that there is no spreading of the heat to surrounding parts —St Louis Republic

Two Days In One

Chatham Island lying off the coast of New Zealand in the south Pacific ocean is peculiarly situated as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes It lies just on the line of the demarcation between dates There at 12 noon on Sunday Sunday ceases and instantly Monday meridian begins [illegible] house on the east side and it comes Monday [illegible] the [illegible] it passes out of the western door A man can sit down to his Sunday dinner on Sunday and it is Monday before he finishes it —London Globe

Spanish Etiquette

There is a curious story of how the Duke d'Aosta when king of Spain told a muleteer to whom he was talking to cover himself the sun being hot forgetting that by so doing he made the muleteer a grandee Marshal Prim to prevent this catastrophe knocked the man's hat out of his hand and according to some the muleteer had something to do with the assassination that followed a few days afterward

Progressing

"Do you think Miss Roxy cares anything for you

'Well I think she s beginning to care a little

'What makes you think that'

"Why the last time I called she only yawned twice, and two weeks ago I counted five yawns in one evening"—Variety Life

Hurt His Pride

'Do I understand you to say, prisoner, that you knocked him down because he called you a dirty liar?"

"Yes your honor, I simply couldn't stand it. If there is one thing I have always prided myself on more than anything else it is my cleanliness."—London Answers

Mistaken Affability.

"What made our pirate chief compel the prisoner to walk the plank so hastily?" asked the pirate.

"He was one of those cheery and familiar ready made humorists The first thing he said when he saw the chief was Oh you Captain Kidd!' "—Washington Star

Economical

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don t call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like —Glasgow Times.

A Great Deal.

"Whenever I look at my wife," said the husband of the celebrated fattest woman on earth, "I feel that I have a great deal to be thankful for"

THE POCKETKNIFE

Many Machines and Processes Used In Its Making.

ART IN FORGING THE BLADES.

To Become an Adept In the Delicate Work of Tempering Edge Steel Necessitates a Long Course of Training and Years of Experience.

The labor of making a pocketknife is as usual in every industry that is carried on by the aid of a great deal of machinery much divided Each blade must go through six separate processes—first forging second laying on the tang that part which is inserted into the handle and through which the blade is riveted third marking or stamping with the name of the manufacturer fourth choiling or filing a depression in the neck of the blade between the sharp edge and the heavier part or tang fifth tempering sixth grinding

All this applies to the two ordinary blades of a knife Nail blades are subjected to still another process—namely the cutting of the file which is a department of work in itself

Should we inspect the materials room of a knife manufactory we should find heavy iron presses which stamp out from sheets of brass or iron the metal scales and lining The bright tips on the end of the knife called bolsters, are pressed out of German silver under another heavy weight which does its work in one blow Huge shears cut from sheets of steel used only for this purpose long strips that are afterward fashioned and pressed into springs for the back of the knife

The rod of steel from which the blades are made is taken from the material room to the forge Here one end is put into a bed of hot coals the bellows are pumped and the end is soon red

The skilled forger then hammers the blade into shape upon his anvil and so accurate is his eye and so exact his hand that the blade does not deviate a hair's breadth from the little brass pattern that is before him and to which each blade must correspond exactly

The blade is next dipped in water and becomes as hard and brittle as glass But the edges are rough It is nearly uniform in thickness and is a light gray in color

[illegible] the forger's skill is brought into play in the tempering Laying the blades on [illegible] plate over the fire he watches them as they change their hue with the heat [illegible] first to straw color then [illegible] straw and now to the dark purple which denotes that the proper degree of heat has been obtained They are plunged into cold water as fast as they reach this point

If the blades were allowed to remain longer over the fire the steel would change to a light blue and [illegible] soft [illegible]

[illegible] given it

From the [illegible] the blades go to the [illegible] room where they find the other parts of the knife [illegible] where all the parts are put together

Each workman [illegible] a particular kind of knives all of one pattern Upon his work bench are the various parts of the knives [illegible] by other hands the center scales that separate the blades the outer brass scales [illegible] lining with the German silver bolsters which have been soldered to the ends [illegible] the wood ivory or pearl sides the springs and the wire rivets

Each brass lining with its covering is put in a vise and holes are drilled in it for the rivets A brass wire is thrust through the middle of the lining [illegible] toward the end This secures the spring and it is then broken off with nippers and headed down with a hammer This holds the scales and springs Another rivet through the bolster secures one blade or two blades if the knife has more than one blade hung at each end

The several parts are now put together The next process is 'hafting' or finishing the covers of the handle which is done on a leather wheel coated with glue and emery The rough edges are rounded and smoothed and then the knives are carefully examined to see if the cutler has done his work properly

If the spring works easily and the blades close without striking the knives are sent to the blade polisher

On a wooden wheel covered with fine leather the ordinary blades are given a polish called a 'glaze finish' Finer grades of knives are given a crocus finish —a mirror like surface—on a leather wheel which revolves very slowly in order that the blades shall not become heated and lose their temper

The knives are now taken to another room where on an oilstone the keen cutting edges are set' This done the blades are closed and the buffing wheel" gives the final polish to the outer side —Philadelphia Record

That endless book, the newspaper, is our national glory —Henry Ward Beecher.

Able and Willing

The Rector Freddy, do you know where little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath day? Freddy—Yes, sir. Follow me and I ll show you the place.

Her Sacrifice

Madge—What is Dolly's ambition in life? Marjorie—She hopes to marry a millionaire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich —Life

There is genius as well in virtue as in intellect. 'Tis the doctrine of faith over works.—Emerson.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money

Oscar Engstrom

[illegible]

Automobiles

[illegible]

J W WITTMAN Jr

Agent

[illegible]

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCALLS MAGAZINE

McCall's Magazine [illegible] New Fashion [illegible] in each [illegible] valuable information on all home [illegible] Only 50c a year [illegible] free [illegible] copy

McCall Patterns will [illegible] in style and fit [illegible] than 15 cents [illegible]

We Will Give You Fine Presents [illegible]

THE McCALL COMPANY 239 to 249 West 37th St. NEW YORK

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging ? Millinery and 5 and 10 cent counter Give me a call

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

C. C. MELVIN, 2d.

Bradford, Pa., June 20, 1911.

Sheriff.

Editor Miner. You are hereby authorized to announce the undersigned as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

R. P. YERDON.

Kane, Pa., August 1, 1911.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911:—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

Editor McKean Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters, at the primaries to be held Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., July 8th, 1911.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of district attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30 next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

Coroner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of McKean County, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

E. R. SHERMAN.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

A. N. HEARD.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Recorder of Deeds.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries Sept. 30th, 1911.

HOMER M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., July 21th, 1911.

Prothonotary.

Editor of the Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the will of the Republican voters, as expressed in the primaries to be held on the 30th day of September, 1911.

R. F. STARSKY.

Smethport, Pa., July 22, 1911.

Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, Sept. 30, next.

JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Pa., August 1, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 3, 1911.

German Foreign Minister Von Kiderlin-Wachter went direct from an interview with M. Cambon, the French ambassador to Germany, on Tuesday, to the palace where he held a conference with Emperor William. This was immediately followed by reports that international negotiations in the Moroccan situation were most pacific in tone. The press has taken a more hopeful tone, and all in all the seriousness of the situation confronting Germany and France seems to be dissipating itself.

John B. Eastman announces his candidacy for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court, subject to the decision of the Republican party, at their primaries to be held September 30, next. Mr. Eastman who asks to be re-nominated and re-elected has served in this capacity for several years and by careful, correct and gentlemanly attention to his duties, has won the respect and esteem of every person in the county who has had business in this office. He is always ready and willing to do a person a kindness and makes the patrons of his office feel at ease to get any information to which they are entitled, and his many friends feel that it is a duty to him and to the public generally to retain him in this position.

Ralph P. Yerdon of Kane announces in this issue that he is a candidate for Sheriff of McKean county subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries to be held on Saturday, September 30, next. Mr. Yerdon was born in Coleville, this county, forty years ago and spent his boyhood in that place with his parents on the farm. Nearly twenty years ago he came to Smethport and was employed as a clerk by his brother, J. A. Yerdon, for some time, after which he spent some time as assistant to Superintendent of the County Home T. H. Ryan. Nine years ago he moved to Kane where he has since been engaged in the mercantile business. Mr. Yerdon is a capable and trustworthy business man who is in every way fitted to perform the duties of Sheriff of this county, and by his genial manner and strict integrity he has made many friends who will give him hearty support to nominate and elect him to the office to which he aspires.

L. M. Siggins, the subject of this sketch, who has announced himself as a candidate for county commissioner, has been a resident and taxpayer of the county since 1880, and resides at Custer City, (which is located three miles from South Bradford) where he has built a home, and expects to reside permanently as a citizen of the county. He has served Bradford township as school director and is at present tax collector. In both positions he has given the utmost satisfaction.

He is a native of Pennsylvania, his birthplace being Pleasantville, Venango county. He is the son of J. Y. Siggins, a lifelong, well known and highly respected citizen of Venango county, which he served, both as commissioner and Revenue collector during the war.

Mr. Siggins was a valued and trusted employe of the Tide Water Pipe Co., Ltd., from 1880 until 1890 when he severed his connection to become an oil producer. He is well known to many operators and residents of the oil country, having operated for oil in Clarion, Venango, and McKean counties, Pa.; Lima, Ohio, and Robison, Illinois.

His business qualifications are ample and varied, and he is well fitted to perform the duties of this responsible office with credit to himself and with profit to the taxpayers. He received his commercial education at the Iron City College, Pittsburgh.

Mr. Siggins intends to make an energetic campaign, and will endeavor to make as many personal calls as his time will permit. He is much interested in the progress of the county, and will serve it, if elected, with discretion and judgment, and will do all that lies in his power to advance its welfare.

If the electors want a business man of staunch integrity in that important office, they should give Mr. Siggins' announcement due consideration.

NEW MILK AND CREAM ACT.

Commissioner Foust Has Been Doing Some Good Work Under This Law.

Harrisburg, Pa., July 30.—Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust has issued a statement of the results of his Bureau's investigations made this summer under the new Milk and Cream act and the act Prohibiting the Addition to Milk and Cream of Dyestuffs and Drugs, such as were formerly much used as preservatives.

The Commissioner reports that 4,000 samples have been purchased by his agents in about 150 cities and towns representing nearly every county in the Commonwealth. In but eight instances was formaldehyde discovered, six of these being in Allegheny county, one in Johnstown and one in York. No other preservatives and no added dye were in any case detected. This, the Commissioner notes, is a most excellent showing as contrasted with the conditions existing a few years ago, when such additions were of common occurrence.

The Commissioner further states that the dairy cows of Pennsylvania have placed the stamp of their approval upon the new milk law. Of the 4,000 samples examined only about 200 were found considerably below standard, and of these about two-thirds were milks, one-third creams. The deficiencies found were not the fault of the cow, but were due to the pump and the skimmer to whose friendly offices some distributers still turn for profit.

An English food expert once said of milk standards that their only fault was that the cow had not been consulted in their making. This, the Commissioner adds, can not fairly be said of the present standards, which are those of the National government and were adopted by it upon the recommendation of a board of experts acting under authority of Congress and after a careful study of the dairy conditions in all parts of the country.

It is the purpose of the Commissioner to continue vigorously to enforce the milk laws, so that the people and more especially the children of the State may be assured of a good, wholesome supply of this important food.

HEAT KILLS TROUT.

Thousands Die at Harrison Hatchery On Pine Creek.

The recent prolonged hot wave created sad havoc with the trout at the Harrison hatchery on Pine creek. Thousands of fingerlings and several hundred large trout have perished within a few weeks as a result of the torrid condition of the water from the mountain stream of Four Mile run, which fed the hatchery. Frequently during the hot spell the water is said to have been at a temperature of 82 degrees.

This condition of affairs, which has resulted in thousands of trout falling victims of the heat, was brought about by the forest fires of last year which burned every vestige of young trees, underbrush and foliage along the banks of the headwaters of Four Mile run for a distance of several miles, leaving the waters of this usually cool mountain stream exposed to the torrid hot wave which prevailed in this section for about two weeks.

Not only fishermen, but the public generally will regret to learn of this great loss to Wellsboro's well-known philanthropist, who has done more at his own personal expense to stock Pine creek and its tributaries with game fish than all the State hatcheries combined.—Wellsboro Gazette.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending July 29th, 1911:

Moore, W. H.

Rigner, Mrs. William.

Grandi, Josef (foreign).

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Automobile for Hire.

Large seven-passenger touring car. Rates reasonable by trip, hour or day. Inquire at Backus Novelty Co. Garage.

Jul.20-3t-pd WALTER BRENNEMAN.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

The Eskimos and the Bible.

Frank Cross, a missionary among the Eskimos, has found considerable difficulty in using the illustration of the Bible in arctic regions. He gives two amusing anecdotes to bear out his statements. First, how his Eskimo interpreter translated a well known text into the following: "Every log that bringeth not up good 'applk' is cut up and used for firewood," "applk" being the Eskimo for dried apples and the nearest thing to fruit that they know. Again, of law, justice and government they have not the remotest notion. Mr. Cross' nearest neighbor had hundreds of dollars' worth of furs deposited in a cache. Wishing to preach on "Where Thieves Break Through and Steal," the interpreter gave up his attempt at translation, for he said such a thing was impossible among them.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Disqualified.

One west side woman who thought herself an ardent suffragist was surprised to learn that other members of the sisterhood did not share her opinion.

"Why do you doubt my devotion to the cause?" she asked. "What have I done to make you think me less earnest than the rest of you women?"

Their answer was a letter which she had written to headquarters the day *before*.

"You wrote on your husband's stationery," they said. "No suffragist who is worth her salt will write a personal letter under her husband's letterheads."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Catastrophe.

"Did you hear about the catastrophe down at the Browns' last night?"

"No. What happened?"

"Why, Mrs. Brown gave the baby a bottle to play with, and while she was in the kitchen *it fell out of the crib* and broke its neck."

"What, the baby?"

"No; the bottle."

Not Just What She Meant.

A little community of colored people had raised the money to build a new church, and the dedication was to take place the next day. "Where are you going tomorrow?" the schoolteacher asked one young girl. Smiling radiantly, she answered, "I's going to the degradation of our church!"

A Steady Watch.

"Henry," said Mrs. Gloonip at dinner, looking down at her watch, but speaking to Mr. Gloonip on the other side of the table, "my watch hasn't varied a second in a week."

"Remarkable!" said Mr. Gloonip. "How did you get it to vary so little?"

"I broke the mainspring."

Politeness.

True politeness is that which when a man is lying to you and you know he is lying impels you to listen to him as though you believed him and impels him to go on lying as though he believes you believe him.—Chicago Post.

A Left Handed One.

He—A handsome woman smiled at me yesterday. She—Well, it is possible for even a handsome woman to have a sense of the ridiculous.—Scranton Tribune-Republican.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.—Addison.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale on the premises in the Borough of Port Allegany, Pa., on

MONDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1911,

at 2 p. m., the following described pieces of property:

All that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the center of Harrison Street, distant south 60 degrees West one and one-half rods from the center of Harrison Street and Hemlock Street; Thence along the center of Harrison Street South 60 degrees West, fifty-six feet and one inch to an iron pin; Thence South 30 degrees East, nine and five-tenths perches; Thence North 60 degrees East fifty-six feet and one inch to the West line of Hemlock Street; Thence along same North 30 degrees West nine and one-half rods to the center of Harrison Street and the place of beginning. Being improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Also, All that piece, parcel or tract of land, situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the West line of Hemlock Street, distant South 30 degrees East one rod from the Southeast corner of a lot deeded to E. W. Kemper; Thence along said West line of Hemlock Street South 30 degrees East [illegible] rods to a corner; Thence South Sixty degrees West, fifty-six feet and one inch to a corner; Thence North 30 degrees West [illegible] to the South line of [illegible]; Thence [illegible] North 60 degrees East fifty-six feet and one inch to the place of beginning. Being [illegible] [illegible] thereon one frame [illegible]. This [illegible] to be sold subject to the purchase [illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible] by A. N. Ellingridge to E. W. Kemper [illegible] date May 28th, 1906, the [illegible] being $[illegible] and interest from May 21st, [illegible].

Seized [illegible] in execution and [illegible] as the property of E. W. Kemper at the suit of [illegible] A. Dolley.

[illegible] W. [illegible], Plaintiff's Attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Aug. 3-3t.

Smethport, Pa., August 1st, 1911.

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS——

OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accommodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats

$3.50 to $5.00

at

H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

STYLE
COMFORT
COPYRIGHT

THE LAST THAT LASTS.

That's just to catch your eye. A matter of fact the shoes we sell t men are made over lasts that are no only stylish, but afford a whole lot o comfort as well. If you are of th unbelieving kind, the one thing w ask—the only thing we ask—is a "tr on" of our Just Wright shoes fo Summer wear.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,

The Shoe Men,

Smethport, Pa

PHONE 7 BROWNELL'S PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND NEXT WEEK

LADIES' WHITE SHIRT WAISTS.

The $1.00 Quality at......79c
" 1.25 " "......98
" 1.50 " "......$1.19
" 2.00 " "......1.38
" 2.50 " "......1.48
" 3.00 " "......1.98

500 to 750 Silk, Black and Colored going at $3.98

Open Evenings until 8 O'Clock

SHOES

Boy's and Girl's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather The $1.50 quality at 98c

1 Lot Ladie's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather The $3.00 kind for $1.98

Ladie's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather The $3.50 and $4 quality going at $2.25

SUIT CASES

$1.50 quality at $1.00 $2.00 quality at $1.50
$3.00 " " $2.00 $6.00 solid leather $4.48

THE LINDHOLM CO.,

LACE CURTAINS

1 Lot of odd Curtains only one of a pattern at less than the cost to manufacture. 1 Lot Lace Curtains only one pair of a kind at about half price.

1 Lot Mens' white Dress shirts in sizes 14 and 14½. Sold at $1.00. Going for 49c.

Saturday Evening until 10 O'Clock

IT'S FLY TIME
IT'S HIGH TIME

You use Daly & Garlick's
Fly Killer 25c per Gal.

FOR THE DAIRYMAN
It saves milk
" " feed
" " flesh

SAVES TROUBLE
and ANNOYANCE

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware and Plumbing

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 3, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The open season for brook trout closed on Monday, July 31.

—A new cement walk is being laid on the Water street side of the D. C. Young property, back of Jones' livery

—Mrs. R. C. Gleason entertained a party of ladies Monday afternoon in honor of her sister, Miss Jennie Ryan.

—The Beckwith family reunion was held at Burtville yesterday. It was largely attended and a fine time was had by all.

—County Superintendent of Schools Charles W. Lillibridge is moving this week from Eldred to his new home in the Specht house on King street.

—The Stark family reunion was held in the grove at Coryville yesterday. There were about 100 in attendance and all report a most enjoyable time.

—James McGuire tells us that he has recently lost half a barrel of roofing paint. He says the paint was feloniously taken by one of two persons in this place and that he is going to make it warm for at least one of them if they don't come around and settle.

—Jack Redmond, while scuffling with some one at the Cottage House last Saturday night, shoved his hand through a window, cutting his wrist quite badly. Some of the arteries in that member were severed and he was quite weak from the loss of blood.

—Considerable work is being done by the supervisors of Norwich township in reducing the grade and widening the road on the dugway on the opposite side of the creek from Crosby. This has always been a bad place and when finished, will be a great benefit to the traveling public.

—The boulder in honor of Col. Daniel Brodhead which has been placed n the School House square will be edicated with suitable ceremonies n August 11th at 3 p. m., with an ad-ress at the court house and the clos-ig exercises at the boulder. The ad-ress will be given by Hon. R. B. tone of Bradford.

—Humane Agent Heard was in Mt. ewett yesterday where he investi-ted a case in which it was reported at a mother was neglecting her ildren. After the visit of the offi-r, she promised to treat the little es better. Tuesday Mr. Heard in-stigated a similar case in Smeth-rt.—Bradford Era.

—Two young boys named Gallup l Fritz made the most remarkable ch of trout of the season in Cole ek a few days ago. They captured en trout which it is said weighed 4 pounds. These trout were not the speckled variety but were of rainbow and German brown spec- which grow much larger than our ve brook trout, but how they hap-ed to get into Cole creek is a mys- which none of our fishermen explain.

—The motion for a new trial for John M. Andrews, convicted of murder in the first degree for killing Emile Anaan at Warren was brought up on Tuesday. A great deal of testimony is offered on both sides and a decision will probably not be reached until late this week. The general impression in Warren is that a new trial will not be granted and that the case will be carried to the Supreme court.

—Prof. Burdette S. Bayle and family left Tuesday for their new home in Ambridge, Pa., where Mr. Bayle has accepted a position as Superintendent of the Ambridge schools This estimable family has resided in Smethport for the past six years and during that time has made a host of firm friends who regret that they must leave our midst, but wish them the best there is in life in their new home.

—The following young people of this place are spending the remainder of the week at Frog Camp: The Misses Vera, Edna, Theo and Flossie Freeman, Katherine Mayo, Mildred and Orra Gleason, Edna Specht and Alma Hertig, and Messrs. Ralph Herzog, Fred Specht, Claude Lyons, H. P. Oviatt, William and Howard Browgell, Neil Gleason, Fred Biever and Edwin Boaton. Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman is chaperone of the party

—Thomas Prather, Jr., son of Judge Prather of Meadville, was bitten on the arm by a dog about two weeks ago. The wound was not severe at first, but a few days ago symptoms developed that caused much alarm and the little chap, who is less than three years old, was taken to the City hospital for treatment. The dog has been killed and the head sent to the Pasteur Institute at Pittsburg for examination.

—Bradford people feel sure that the Bradford oil field may again become a boomer by drilling deeper wells and a company is being formed to lease a large amount of land and drill several test wells to the depth of about 5,000 feet. Shares of stock will be sold at $1 each and at a meeting held in that city last night much enthusiasm was aroused. It is expected that sufficient stock will be sold to commence drilling as soon as the leases are procured.

—This is the time of year when typhoid fever is most prevalent and everybody should be careful what they eat and drink, especially when away from home. If each individual will take the proper precautions while away on vacations, infection with dangerous diseases can be avoided. The health department can keep an eye on local conditions and prevent typhoid from getting a foothold, but it cannot reach every individual; the latter must obey the laws of sanitary science, hygiene and common sense.

—Last Friday night as Sandford L. Fry was coming home in his automobile from a trip up Potato creek, he met Fred Younglove of Norwich in his car. Mr. Younglove turned back into the road too quickly and both cars were somewhat damaged. The accident was due to the carelessness of the latter and he settled the damages with Mr. Fry. Persons driving cars, especially at night, cannot be too careful when passing vehicles on the road and this should be a warning to those who do not use the utmost care when driving a car.

—I suppose, brother benedicts, you have all heard this same argument: "Well, John, you know I can afford to have more dresses this summer as it does not take as much cloth to make the kind this year and I do not have to have so many underskirts as I used to have." Now what in thunder is a man going to say in opposition to this argument? These dear wives can make pleas to fit all occasions. When skirts were large and full this better half said that her dresses would not be so expensive when considered from all points, as there would be enough in a skirt to make two good dresses for our little Annette. They seem to "have us going and coming," hey, benedicts?—Era.

—In the triennial assessment of taxes for the year 1907, the valuation of the unseated lands of the Central Pennsylvania and the Goodyear lumber companies was fixed by the county commissioners at what was thought to be a fair valuation, averaging $90 an acre. The companies sought to relieve themselves from taxation by stripping their lands. The commissioners refused to reduce the valuation in the intermediate years, because they thought they had no right to reduce valuation for the removal of timber. An appeal was taken from the action of the commissioners, and was heard before Hon. H. R. Wilson of Clarion county, specially presiding, whose decision has just been affirmed by the supreme court, which also affirms the action of the commissioners in this important matter.—Potter Democrat

—The Salvation Army is busy making arrangements to give an outing to quite a number of poor children and their mothers at Rock City park. Ensign Abbott and workers last year gave an outing to about 150 children and their mothers, in which quite a number of children enjoyed their first ride on a trolley car and others paid their first visit to the park. Everything was done to make them happy and a very enjoyable time was spent. This year they are anxious to make this outing more profitable to the poor of the city than last year. The children will be taken on trolley cars to the park, where a good lunch of sandwiches, ice cream, lemonade, etc., will be provided. Every one who is willing to help this worthy effort will be given an opportunity to do so. Contribution boxes will be placed in some of the stores or donations can be sent to the local headquarters, No. 21 Kennedy street.—Bradford Star-Record.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Andrew Hanley was an Olean visitor to-day.

M. J. Peters of Buffalo had business in town this week.

A. L. Colegrove of Olean was a visitor in town this week.

Mrs. E. A. Freeman of Holley, N. Y., is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton took in the circus at Olean Tuesday.

George Shepard of Port Allegany was a visitor in town yesterday.

Fred Ritchie of St. Marys was calling on friends in town Tuesday.

Thomas Jarrett of Uniontown, Pa., is the guest of friends in this place.

Miss Anna Nelson left Monday for a visit with relatives in Port Allegany.

Col. and Mrs. Mellville Gillett were Buffalo visitors the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Fred Ritchie of St. Marys is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie.

Mrs. Freda Steinwedel of Baltimore, Md., is the guest of Miss Carrie Ellingsfeldt.

Miss Carrie Ellingsfeldt returned home Monday from a visit with relatives in Leetonia, Pa.

Miss Anna Shields of Akron, Ohio, is spending her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nourse.

The Misses Edith and Harriet Colegrove of Olean are the guests of relatives and friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King returned Thursday from a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Frank Dunbar returned Monday from Indiana, Pa., where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Henderson.

William Colegrove, Claude Lyons, John Egan and Allen King were among the Olean and Rock City visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Coleman and children, Gordon and Elizabeth, of Baltimore, Md., are the guests of relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burdick returned Tuesday from a two weeks' stay at Chautauqua Lake.

Mrs. J. B. Kelly of Crosby and her granddaughter, Miss Gladys DeHass, of St. Marys were pleasant callers at this office yesterday morning.

Claude Heinlein came home from Perry, N. Y., Saturday and stayed until Tuesday. He was accompanied on his return trip by Norman Simkins.

Frank W. Bloomster has accepted a position at Marienville, Pa., and left for that place on Monday. He will have charge of an oil lease for W. H. Brown.

Mrs. E. M. Sherer, daughter, Elsie, and Bessie Engstrom and Carrie Marks were among the many from this place to attend the Barnum and Bailey circus at Olean Tuesday.

Charles Moomey has for guests this week his wife, Mrs. Charles Moomey, son, Richard, father, Joseph, sister, Miss Rose Moomey, of Erie and brother-in-law, William Walker of Sharon.

Herbert Lewis, a formerly well known young man of this place, who was married in Rochester, N. Y., today, is expected here this evening accompanied by his bride, they will be the guests of Mr. Lewis's grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Knapp.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCoy, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, Mrs. W. [illegible] Hamlin and daughters, [illegible], Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Van Dyke and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCoy drove to Buffalo yesterday, returning to-day.

Orlo J. Hamlin and Chauffeur Leo [illegible] took Mr. Hamlin's two daughters, Maribel and Hanna, and their nurse, Miss Lattie Anderson, to Olean on Tuesday in his automobile. They were on their way to Silver Lake where they will spend several weeks.

Prof. and Mrs. Stanley Bright, who have been visiting friends and relatives in New Castle, Pa., and Warren, Ohio, for several weeks returned home last night. They were accompanied by Mr. Bright's mother, Mrs. J. M. Bright, of Warren, Ohio, who will be their guest for a month.

The fall term of the Lock Haven State Normal School opens September 11th, and already almost all of its rooms are reserved. Now is the time to engage rooms if students desire to have any choice whatsoever. The expenses are moderate and the advantages are of the very best. The faculty is made up of college and university graduates who have had wide experience as teachers. Being located in the central part of Pennsylvania on both the lines of the Penna. railroad and the New York Central it is easily accessible. Write for its catalog. It

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

DON'T SAY

"Too early to buy a School Suit now." In less than a month when school will start you'll have to pay from $2.50 to $7.50 for the

SAME SUIT

that you can

Buy this Week

at, from

$1.50 TO $4
A SUIT

Isn't it worth while to save from $1.00 to $3.00 on a suit?

MONHEIMERS'
THE WORKING
MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "WOOLTEX"

Store closed at 6 P. M. except Monday and Saturday, on those days 8 and 10 P. M. respectively.

WHITE WAIST SALE

We offer this week choice of fifty white Lawn waists at a saving that is worth your prompt attention.

There is a large variety of styles in lingerie and medium weight lawns—lace and embroidery trimmings—long and short sleeves—button back and front.

See them in the window.

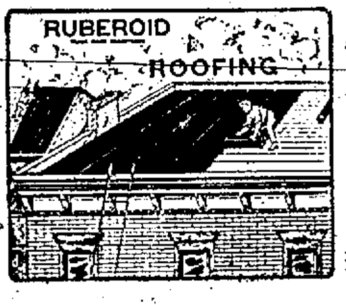
Reductions range from ¼ to ½ off regular prices.

Sale prices 50 cents to $3.75.

FRY & COMES

Smethport - - - - - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of ma terials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO AT TEMPT TO SELL THEM ON TH RECORD AND REPUTATION O

RUBEROID ROOFIN

by selecting a name to catc the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard read to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entir civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will de teriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived b unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID i tour feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTI
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

TWO DAY EXCURSION

$2.25 TO BUFFALO
AND RETURN

$2.50 TO NIAGARA FALLS
AND RETURN

FROM SMETHPORT THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911

Tickets good going only on trains leaving 9:22 A. M. Good returning on all regular trains leaving Niagara Falls and Buffalo, August 17 or 18. Baggage will not be checked on these tickets. Tickets will not be accepted for passage in Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars.

Children between 5 and 12 years of age half fare.

GARAGE

Up-to-date; modern; fireproof.

NIGHT SERVICE

First-class mechanics only in our

REPAIR DEPARTMENT

Supplies all kinds in stock; Batteries re-charged.

Dealers in "E-M-F," "FLANDERS," "SELDEN" and "PEERLES" Cars

FISK TIRES

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY

Water St., Smethport, Pa.

Little Dr. Holmes.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson in speaking of Dr. Holmes said:

"He was a very small man physically. Though one of the greatest physicians in the country and one of the greatest wits and writers, he had almost a boyish appearance. I remember when he returned to Harvard to attend a meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa he had a poem to recite, and he had to stand on a table so that all might see him.

"Dr. Holmes had studied in Paris—quite a remarkable thing in those days—and his services as a consultant in serious cases were always in demand. In one serious case the patient was a woman. As her own family physician entered the room with Dr. Holmes, who had been called in, the patient turned around in bed and said indignantly:

"'Doctor, why do you bring that boy into this room?' 'Why,' expostulated the family physician, 'that's Dr Holmes!' 'He isn't a doctor,' answered the patient peevishly. 'Take him out!'

"And Dr. Holmes had to leave the room, much to his annoyance. Then the family physician got a chance to explain matters, and Dr. Holmes went in, but, as he confessed to me afterward, with very bad grace. He didn't like to be taken for a boy even by a very sick woman."—New York Tribune.

Seeing Your Own Brain.

In Professor Lloyd's work, "The End of the World," the experiment of seeing one's own brain is interesting. The experimenter, with a lighted candle, enters a perfectly dark room. He stands before a black curtain or wall, so that details cannot be seen by the candle's feeble light. The candle is moved laterally to and fro in front of the eyes, keeping it about six inches from the face and just below the tip of the nose. In a few minutes something, as if a thin mist, seems to grow before the eyes. It becomes more definite and gains outline, and then soon one may distinguish the venation and the division of the brain. The theory is that the moving light produces a counter irritation of the nerves that conduct the impression of sight to the brain. The current is reversed, and the brain is pictured on the retina. Then the impression returns through the nerves and affects the brain so that we see it.

Shepherd and Sheep.

A minister was once addressing a Sunday school. It was a Sunday school of little children, and the minister in his address desired to compare himself to a shepherd and his congregation to the shepherd's flocks.

"What are these beautiful animals?" he said, pointing to a drawing on the blackboard.

"Sheep, sheep!" chorused the children.

"And the cloaked figure in the foreground—what is he?"

"A shepherd!" the children cried.

"Exactly," agreed the minister, beaming with satisfaction. "And now, dear children, can you tell me what it is that the shepherd does for the sheep?"

A score of little mouths opened wide, and a score of treble voices cried shrilly:

"He shears 'em!"

Quaint Cures of Old.

For epilepsy wear a ring made from a coffin ring and take seven drops of blood from the tail of a cat. These remedies are equally efficacious either separately or in conjunction. For toothache carry in the pocket the tooth of a soldier killed in battle or eat mouse nibbled bread or trim your nails on a Friday. To cure warts, rub a potato, and give the potato to a pig, or rub them with a piece of chalk, then put it in a little bag and throw it across crossroads. Holding the affected finger in the ear of a cat for half an hour was reckoned an excellent remedy for a felon.

Origin of the Word "Farm."

The origin of the word "farm" is as follows: In the Saxons' time the estates which the lords of manors granted to the freemen were at first but for a term of years, with a render of a rent, which in those days was of corn and other produce. The leases so made were called fermes or farmes, but times ensuing turned the produce into money and terms of years to terms of life and inheritance.—Westminster Gazette.

Hopeless.

"I refuse your hand, Mr. Squash," the young girl said coldly, "for two reasons."

"Name them!" Squash cried hopefully. "Name them, and perhaps—who knows"—

"They are," she interrupted, "yourself and another man."—Exchange.

Wide Awake.

Passerby—I thought you were blind.

Mendicant—Well, boss, times is so hard and competition is so great that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if he wants to do any business at all.

Holding His Own.

"Stingy, isn't he?"

"You've said it. Why, he holds fast to everything he gets his clutches on and even bolts down his dinner!"

A Sticker.

Ella—He is always hanging around.

Stella—Yes; I don't believe you could lose him if he were an umbrella.—New York Press.

He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.—Pilpay.

Love at First Sight

And a Courtship Begun Under Difficulties

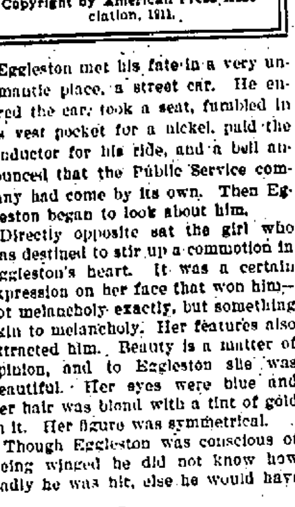
By MILDRED BAKER

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Eggleston met his fate in a very unromantic place, a street car. He entered the car, took a seat, fumbled in his vest pocket for a nickel, paid the conductor for his ride, and a bell announced that the Public Service company had come by its own. Then Eggleston began to look about him.

Directly opposite sat the girl who was destined to stir up a commotion in Eggleston's heart. It was a certain expression on her face that won him—not melancholy exactly, but something akin to melancholy. Her features also attracted him. Beauty is a matter of opinion, and to Eggleston she was beautiful. Her eyes were blue and her hair was blond with a tint of gold in it. Her figure was symmetrical.

Though Eggleston was conscious of being winged he did not know how badly he was hit, else he would have left the car when the girl left it and learned where she could be found with a view to making her acquaintance. As it was he let her go out from him into the great world and as soon as he had done so considered himself a fool. The car started on, and he made frantic signs to the conductor to stop, but there was no stop till the next crossing, and by the time Eggleston got back to where the girl had left the car she had disappeared.



HIS ADVANCE HAD BEEN REPELLED.

Eggleston was seized with one of those inexplicable impulses, ideas, desires or whatever they are to possess this particular woman. It was with him an ideal attraction, and it was overpowering. He swore a big oath that he would marry his street car girl and no other. This was ridiculous, for there was little chance of his meeting her again and no way by which he could find her. The consequence was that he was more than likely to go through life a single man.

But luck favored him. After pining two years for his lost love that he had never seen but once, and that in a street car, he stumbled on her under far more ideal circumstances. She was sitting on a rock at the seashore, the waves rolling in on either side of her. Eggleston approached her from the side, and when he came within a few yards of her she turned, looked at him and again directed her gaze out upon the boundless ocean.

Eggleston stood still, thinking what to do. He was determined that she should not escape him again, but dreaded to shock her by forcing an acquaintance. Nevertheless he made up his mind to take the risk of speaking to her.

"Pardon me," he said. "I see that you are wrapt in this great ocean, beautiful today, awe inspiring tomorrow. I myself"—

He paused, expecting her to turn her face to his. When full time had elapsed for her to do so and she did not, when instead she turned her back to him and looked in the opposite direction, his heart sank. His advance had been repelled.

"Idiot!" he exclaimed inwardly. "Why could I not have waited for an introduction? I had everything my own way, and now I have made a mess of it."

Cringing under the rebuff, he slunk away. His first impulse was to take a train and get as far from the place and the girl as possible. But this was only momentary. He resolved to stay and conquer or die. From afar he watched her sitting on the rock till she arose and went to her hotel.

The same evening Eggleston promenaded on the board walk, hoping and at the same time dreading to meet her who had repelled his advances. She was walking there with another girl who looked something like her and might be her sister. The two sauntered along slowly, languidly, neither speaking to the other. As Eggleston's charmer approached she cast a momentary glance at him, then turned her eyes upon some other object. He plainly saw a look of hauteur in her face, but this might have been the result of sensitiveness on his part, which led him to imagine that he saw what was not there.

Eggleston looked for the girl the next day, but failed to find her. She had gone. However, he learned her name and the city in which she lived. But he considered himself no better off than when he had lost her in the crowd. He questioned if he was not worse off. He was in the position of one who had endeavored to force an acquaintance upon a girl and had received a rebuke.

Fortune favored him again. He was at an evening function and suddenly came upon the object of supreme interest to him. She was sitting alone. How could one who was so charming to him be a "wallflower?" He hunted for some one to introduce him to her, but found no one. He applied to the host, who replied: "All my guests are supposed to know one another when under my roof. I introduce no one." Considering Eggleston's sensitive condition, he was cowed. He went back to the place where he had left the girl, resolved on an attempt to placate her, and saw her walk out of the room. She went to the library, and he followed her. She took a book from a shelf and opened it. Eggleston stood a few feet behind her.

"If you don't forgive me," he blurted, "I shall commit suicide."

He waited for a reply, but received none. Presently the girl turned and looked at him. Then she turned again to her book without a word.

This second rebuff took away all the courage there was in Eggleston. Again he slunk away, this time not only with pain but bitterness in his heart.

In some respects our minds are merely human machines, as our bodies are, and prone, like machinery, to get into conditions where they will not work properly. Eggleston's mind was at this time like a runaway auto. The power couldn't be turned off and there was danger of a smash. He had fallen in love with a girl at sight, had attempted to make her acquaintance without an introduction, been rebuffed, had asked forgiveness, been ignored, and was now in a desperate condition. In other words, he was running away with himself.

He at once left the house where he had met with this second rebuff, went to his room and walked the floor till morning. He was sure he had seen a look of contempt on the girl's face. He was not sure but that there was mingled with this look a threat meaning "If you force yourself on me again I shall surely turn you over to the police." Nevertheless all this merely added to that wildly sensational condition which will beget more of the passion of love in a given time than any other cause. One moment he would calm himself down to a realization of the fact that he was in an abnormal condition, the next another paroxysm would sweep over him, and he would consider the propriety of blowing out his brains. This may seem overdrawn, but we must remember the many actual suicides by young men or girls as a result of this very love frenzy.

But he survived. Gradually he came down to a condition where he could take thought upon the matter and lay a plan for future procedure. He would endeavor to gain the services of a third person, through whom he might gain forgiveness from the woman who considered herself insulted. The only person he knew who was surely acquainted with the girl was Charlie Rickets, at whose house he had met her. He wrote Rickets a note asking for a private interview. His request was granted, and Eggleston told him the whole story. He had not gone far before Rickets endeavored to put in a word, but Eggleston insisted on telling it all before receiving any comment.

When the story was finished Rickets offered to introduce his friend to the young lady, guaranteeing that she would listen to an explanation and the lover would be treated with consideration. He added that it would be better for Eggleston to be his own defender, and Rickets would not enter upon the subject with the girl.

A few days later Rickets wrote Eggleston, saying that he had arranged with the young lady that the latter should call on her on a certain evening. At the time appointed Eggleston called and sent in his card with a wildly beating heart. He was ushered into a cozy reception room, where he found the lady of his love. She rose as he entered with a reassuring smile, but said no word of welcome. Inviting Eggleston to a seat, she took up an ear trumpet lying on a table and, adjusting the small end to her ear, waited for him to talk into the other end.

There may be such a thing as too sudden a relief. Like a flash it occurred to Eggleston that on neither of the two occasions he had addressed her had she heard him. He had come to her to explain what he supposed she considered an insult. His intention was to tell her frankly that his excuse was the great love he had conceived for her, but this unlooked for situation was too much for him. He didn't know what to say. The small end of the tube was in the girl's ear; his mouth was in position to speak into the other. The girl was waiting for him to begin, but he couldn't begin. Desperate, scarcely knowing what he said, he shouted:

"It's a hot evening."

These four words were the beginning of a courtship that had been going on in Eggleston for a long while, but of which the lady was not conscious. They have been long married, and Eggleston jokes about his first words to his wife—the first, at least, she heard—having been so commonplace. But he has never forgiven Charlie Rickets for not having told him before he met her that she was deaf as a ferryboat. Charlie says he tried to do so, but Eggleston wouldn't listen to him.

If there is any moral to this story it is that it is the listeners and not the talkers who win. Eggleston should have suffered Rickets to tell him that the girl was deaf.

Spoiled It All.

A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. Wesley said he would take up three topics of thought. He was talking chiefly about money. His first was, "Get all you can." The farmer nudged a neighbor and said: "This is strange preaching. I never heard the like before. This is very good." Then Wesley discoursed on "Industry," "Activity," "Living to purpose," and reached his second division, "Save all you can." The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirized the willful wickedness which lavishes in luxury, and the farmer rubbed his hands, and he thought, "All this I have been taught from my youth up," and what with getting and what with hoarding it seemed to him that "salvation" had come to his house. But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was "Give all you can." "Ah, dear; ah, dear," said the farmer; "he has gone and spoiled it all!"

A Deceptive Fish.

A naturalist who is familiar with Ceylon, writes: "In the clear water of Colombo harbor it is not uncommon to see fallen and faded leaves of the jak tree floating a short distance below the surface or sinking slowly to the bottom. Certain small fish, commonly known as sea bats, mimic these leaves both in form and color in order to escape detection. Both in shape and color they look when in the water like waterlogged leaves, but when removed from their native element this resemblance is immediately lost. They float in the water half sideways and all swim in the same direction, turning simultaneously. On one occasion Mr. Willey attempted to capture one of these sea bats in a rock pool and directly he made a plunge with the hand net saw nothing except what he took to be a jak leaf slowly and inertly sink to the bottom. To his astonishment, as he withdrew the net the supposed leaf righted itself and darted away."

Calamities of Authors.

Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," died of hunger; Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser, the charming, died in want; the death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15; Dryden died in poverty and distress; Otway died prematurely and through hunger; Lee died in the gutter; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of law; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of £8; Butler lived a life of penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

Early Horse Race Prizes.

Prizes for winners of horse races hundreds of years ago took curious forms. The earliest was the "clochette d'or," or golden bridle. After this the prize in England was a bell. This idea was taken from the custom among owners of pack horses of decorating the best horse, which led the cavalcade, with a bell, so that on dark nights and in dangerous places the whereabouts of the leader might be known and the others follow boldly. At Carlisle silver bells were raced for by the moss troopers and dalesmen, and specimens of these bells are still retained in the town hall.—St. James Gazette.

Card Playing.

Card playing began in India in the ninth century. It was introduced into Europe by orientals some time prior to the thirteenth century. Saracens popularized the amusement in Spain and Italy. The taste for the game afterward spread to Germany, where it commenced to be indulged in about 1275. Its appearance in France was mentioned in the records of that country in 1393. Heraldic cards were first known in England in 1660.—New York Telegram.

His Trade.

"And you say you have a trade?" asked the kind lady at the door.

"Yes'm," said the tramp: "I'm a worker in precious metals and stones."

"Indeed! And can't you get anything to do?"

"No'm; de perlice and de jewelers are all on to me."

Dog Luck.

Police Officer—In order that the villain who caught and kissed you in the dark may be tracked, we must set our police dog after him. So to trace the scent you must give Nero a kiss.—Fliegende Blätter.

And That Came Near Being Right.

"Johnny, correct this sentence on the board: 'He drunked a number of toasts.'"

Johnny went to the board and wrote: "A number of toasts drunked him."—Houston Post.

Only Wanted a Chance.

Mother—Perhaps the young man needs a little encouragement. Daughter—Yes, mamma; I wish you would keep out of sight more while he is here.

Had to Talk a Lot.

Mrs. Naylor—You seem rather hoarse this morning, dear. Mrs. Lashman—Well, my husband came home rather late last night.—Boston Transcript.

It is the cause and not the death that makes the martyr.—Napoleon.

The End at Last.

Miss Sparhawk believed in "having clothes appropriate to occasions," and she graded her wearing apparel with great care. She boasted, and with reason, that she could "get more wear out of a dress" than any one else in Cauley.

When the garment was past its first, second and third stages of usefulness for public wear it was relegated to certain seasons of domestic stress, from which it passed eventually to the rag bag. One gingham, long dear to Miss Sparhawk's heart, had reached this last stage, and she acknowledged it one day to the village seamstress.

"Don't seem as if I'd had half the good I expected to out of it," she said wistfully. "Tisn't but eight years since I had it made up. Two years I wore it Sundays; the next two, sewing circle afternoons; next two, when I went errands to the village, and these last two round the house, common. But now"—and she regarded the bundle sorrowfully before stuffing it into the yawning piece bag—"now 'tisn't even fit to hang out washing in Mondays."—Youth's Companion.

Powerful Paper.

A surveyor when inspecting one of the cottages under his care had his attention called by the tenant to a large diagonal crack in one of the walls, close to which they were standing, with the remark from Mrs. Hodge, "I am afraid, sir, as the old house be a-coming down, sir."

"We will see to this," said the agent, and, taking from his pocket a few strips of stamp edging, he pasted them transversely over the fissure so that he might on his next visit see whether the crack had extended and whether it was a settlement or not.

On his calling about a month afterward he found the pieces of stamp edging still remaining unbroken and, pointing out to the old lady that the crack had not opened any farther, was amused with this unhesitating remark: "Yes, sir, but who'd ha' thought as two or three such bits of paper would ha' held us together?"—London Answers.

The Tea Drinkers.

The chronic tea drinkers of this country are generally the kitchen girls and women who remain in the kitchen and in the house a great deal. The teapot is constantly on the stove, and the strong, stale brew, full of tannic acid and bitter extractives, is poured into the stomach at frequent intervals. Here we get not only the stimulation of the caffein, but the irritation of the tannin derivatives on the stomach mucous membrane. The sooner or later result is sleeplessness, an irritable, fretty disposition, nervous dyspepsia or even gastritis and constipation. Of course the treatment is to stop the cause, treat the insomnia, dyspepsia and constipation and give fresh air. Tea tasters show earlier than other individuals decay of the teeth. Children up to fifteen years should not drink coffee or tea regularly.—Journal of American Medical Association.

Osman Pasha's Daring.

One of the most gallant generals that ever surrendered to the enemy was Osman Pasha, the immortal defender of Plevna. Surrounded by an immeasurably superior army of Russia, Osman kept his flag flying for 143 days, inflicting a loss of 40,000 men on the enemy and losing 30,000 of his own garrison. It was only when both provisions and ammunition failed that he decided on that desperate attempt to cut his way through the investing army. The attempt, one of the most daring and resolute in history, failed, and Osman was at last compelled to admit defeat. So impressed, however, were the enemy with his valor that as he was carried wounded through their ranks they greeted him as a conqueror with cheers and presented arms.

Lincoln Told a Story.

At one time a friend complained to President Lincoln that a certain cabinet officer was administering his office with unusual energy with the hope of securing the presidential nomination.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Lincoln, "that my brother and I were once plowing a field with a lazy horse, but at times he rushed across the field so fast that I could hardly keep up with him. At last I found an enormous chin fly on him and knocked it off. Now, I am not going to make that mistake a second time. If the secretary has a chin fly on him I am not going to knock it off, if it will only make his department go."

The Clear Infinity.

That which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness, and the infinity of God is not mysterious. It is only unfathomable; not concealed, but incomprehensible; it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.—Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

Revenge by Proxy.

Celtic Stranger—Tim Hennessy has just bin arristed. What will yez charge to defind him? Very Young Lawyer—Ten dollars is my fee in police court cases. Celtic Stranger—Well, here it is. I've had it in for Tim this long toime, an' 'tis worth tin dollars to git even wid him!—Puck.

Makings of an Artist.

He who works with his hands only is a mechanic; he who works with hand and head is an artisan, and he who works with hands, head and heart is an artist.—Ruskin.

Little things are little things, but to do little things faithfully is a great thing.

BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of
HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.
The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

CHARLEY WAH
HAND LAUNDRY
For Ladies and Gentlemen
Work Finished on Third Day
Under Heath's Barber Shop

PURE ICE CREAM
Home made from fresh cream brought daily from Southern View Dairy Farm.
Purest and Best materials at our Soda Fountain.
A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.
Age 21—$20 84 per thousand.
Age 35—$38 34 per thousand.
Age 50—$56.17 per thousand.
Ask for rates and guaranteed values.
The Equitable Life Assurance Society
"Strongest in the world"
C. A. BURDICK, Agt.
SMETHPORT PENN'A

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers.
Our line is complete in Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given to Watch repairing and Engraving.
Engstrom & Olson
SMETHPORT, PA

Real Estate Bargains
The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.
Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.
Prices range from $475.00 to $625.00 Including lots.
Also 50 building lots.
See Jas. A. McKean, D. B. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.
Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

In Charge

He Was Willing to Oblige a Friend

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Dick Brant accosted his friend upon the street. "Hello, Bob!" he cried joyously. "The very person I wanted to see."

The young man addressed looked up at him. "What is it this time?" he asked frankly.

Dick laughed. "Oh, a sort of mutual benefit," he answered. "Claire and I are off to Beechurst tomorrow, and we are leaving our rooms up on Riverside 'with all our worldly goods endowed' to the mercy of maidservants and manservants, who, we have learned to our sorrow, are not to be trusted."

"Well," his friend inquired as he paused for breath, "what's the answer?"

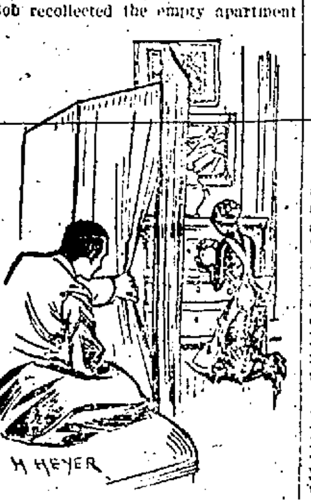
"I am coming to that," Dick continued. "Now, the place where you live is mighty hot these August days, while the breeze from over the Hudson blows ever fresh and cool through our windows. Why can't you come up there nights and make yourself at home, or at least two nights a week?" he quickly amended at Bob's surprised stare.

"In short," his friend answered slowly, "I am to play night watchman in return for my lodging."

Dick grinned. "And you might feed my pet goldfish a couple of times a week," he added. "I'll leave the food beside the bowl. The maid promised to attend to that part, but the truth is we'd just as soon she didn't enter the house. Claire has been missing things lately, and"—

"I see," said Bob. "Well, I will oblige you, as usual, and if there's anything else don't hesitate to mention it." His tone was sarcastic, but the men clasped hands warmly as they parted.

It was several days, however, before Bob recollected the empty apartment and the hungry fish. The night was insufferably hot, and he threw wide the windows and settled back in Dick's favorite chair, gratefully enjoying the breeze. This certainly was an improvement over his own close quarters, and he decided to spend the night here. When, upon the following morning, presenting a rather ungroomed appearance, he again entered the living room a small mound of cigar ashes upon the rug met his eye, and he went in search of brush and pan to remove the evidence of his carelessness. He was thus busily engaged when he distinctly heard a key inserted in the lock and looked up, startled, as the door swung easily open, but it was merely to admit the maid, who passed him with an indifferent nod and approached the goldfish bowl. A dainty white apron was tied over her dark blue dress, and her little high heeled slippers clicked as she walked across the polished floor.



BOB CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A PENDANT.

Bob arose to his feet. "I feed them," he said, motioning toward the fish. The maid turned and looked at him. She had the most beautiful eyes that he had ever seen—large and blue and full of wonder, like a child's.

"You need not trouble any more," she said quietly. "I will attend to them after this."

He went again to the great apartment house that evening at twilight and, groping his way across the shadowy rooms, dropped wearily upon the couch, a high screen concealing his figure. Suddenly the entire apartment was flooded with light. Some one entering evidently had pressed the electric button. He lay silent, awaiting developments. Past his hiding place came the click of high heeled slippers. They went on into Mrs. Brant's dressing room.

Bob gathered back the silk of the screen and peered through. He saw the little maid sink upon her knees before a cabinet. She produced a bunch of keys, trying one after another in quick succession. At length the drawer yielded, and she drew forth a small box. Bob caught a glimpse of a pendant with many diamonds gleaming in the light, and then, before he could collect his senses, the rooms were in total darkness. He jumped to his feet and the screen fell crashing to the floor, barring for a moment his progress, but in that moment the girl had escaped.

Vainly he searched the rooms and corridors, coming out at last breathless upon the street. A taxicab waited at the entrance, and beside it stood the maid. As he advanced toward her she waved her hand to the occupant of the cab and quickly crossed to the long row of benches which lined the roadway. She looked up, white and frightened, as Bob stood sternly before her. He intended to be pitiless, but found it a difficult matter with that childish gaze fixed upon him.

"You remember me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "you are the man who cares for Mr. Brant's rooms."

Bob smiled dryly. "I happen to be Mr. Brant's friend," he said, "and, as I am in charge of his belongings, you must tell me why you took a diamond pendant from the cabinet drawer a short time ago."

She leaned forward entreatingly. "Oh, please do not ask me about it," she begged, "for I cannot tell you."

"See here," he said desperately, "you replace the pin and no one shall ever know."

She stood up before him, and her voice trembled. "I cannot do that," she said. "I did not take the pin for myself!"

"You mean," he exclaimed, "that you have already given it to another person!"

She nodded vigorously, then placed her hand upon his arm. "No one shall suspect you of stealing the pin," she said slowly. "I will see to that—trust me."

Perhaps she had been goaded on to take the pin by some very pressing need. The memory of a departing taxicab obtruded itself, to be impatiently cast aside. He would do nothing, events should shape themselves, and if—well, if the pin was still missing when Dick returned he would insist upon paying for it himself. There was a tidy sum in the bank to his credit—he had been saving a good deal lately—he reflected ruefully. But a deep frown creased his brow as he worked steadily during the days which followed, and though he visited again his friend's lonely apartment no little maid appeared, while the open door of a cabinet constantly proclaimed its emptiness.

A telegram was handed him one day, and he tore it open nervously, anticipating the contents. Dick and his wife would be home that evening—they wanted to see him up at the house. Bob closed his desk with a bang. "Well, he would go and have it over." Claire greeted him in her charming, hospitable way, and Dick wrung his hand heartily.

"Come in," they said, "and let us thank you."

They seemed not to notice Bob's strained manner as they chatted on about their trip. Presently Claire arose and rustled from the room. "Dear me," she said, "I had almost forgotten Kitty."

She returned in a moment, her arm about the waist of a girl whose eyes danced and whose cheeks glowed as Bob sprang to his feet confronting her, for this vision in clinging white was undoubtedly the erring maid.

"Kitty, dear," Claire was saying, "I want you to meet Dick's friend, Mr. Brewster. Bob, this is my cousin, Miss Ainslee, and now that we have you both here," she rattled on, "we want to thank you for looking after things during our absence. Dick's pet fish are positively fat. When I asked you to feed them, Kitty, I had no idea that Dick had already coaxed Bob in for that service."

"Bob was also to play night watchman," Dick interposed. "He has done well, for the furniture is still intact. We left nothing movable, I believe."

Mrs. Brant blushed. "Oh, yes; we did," she said. "I did not want to say anything about it, but Kitty insists upon a full and free confession. I carelessly forgot this diamond pendant you gave me as a wedding gift, Dick, and when we arrived at Beechurst I remembered that it still reposed in the cabinet drawer at home, a glittering temptation to that thieving maid of ours, and I wrote posthaste, special delivery, telling Kitty to secure the pin and send it with her brother Ned when he came down to spend the week end. I besought her to keep the matter secret," she continued, "for I did not dare to let you know, Dickie, until the pendant was safely in my possession."

Claire laughed. "Dick," she said, "you should have told me that Bob was to be caretaker. Fancy how embarrassing it would have been if he and Kitty had met here—feeding the goldfish!"

Kitty looked at her cousin reproachfully. "It might have been more than embarrassing for me," she said. "Think of my predicament if Mr. Brewster had caught me in the act of departing with that pin of yours! Why, he would probably have considered it his duty to hand me over to the police, and I should have been locked up in a cell like a suffragette."

Brant laughed, while Bob grew uncomfortably red.

"Well, you still have your freedom," Claire answered carelessly. "Here comes the auto. Let's all take a ride."

And as Bob and Kitty were ensconced upon the rear seat he leaned toward her. "I have been an awful idiot," he said contritely. "Can you ever forgive me?"

Kitty's eyes twinkled. "Do you expect pardon at the first apology?" she asked.

"Certainly not," Bob responded. "I intend to start a series of apologies, dating from tonight. When you are assured of my deep repentance perhaps you may relent."

And Kitty smiled demurely. "Mine is a forgiving nature," she said.

BASEBALL STRATEGY.

Bench Orders at Times Queers the Batter With the Fans.

One of the charms of the game is its unexpectedness, the fact that you never can tell what's going to happen until it is history.

Do you know what "inside ball" really is? Most "fans" think they do, but few really do know. In fact, it is a very interesting sidelight, both on the game and on the American character, to realize that nine out of ten people who see a ball game see only the flesh of it, never realize the skeleton on which it is built, never see the heart beating nor watch its lifeblood flow. You go to a game and shout yourself hoarse.

"Hit it out, you, you 'bonehead!' What yer standing there for? Think this a pink tea? They're all perfectly good—hit 'em!" And the player at the plate, hearing, longs to obey—for all players love to hit—yet holds himself in.

"Make him give you three balls. Then hit!" are his orders from the bench from the baseball general ordering the game. A man is on third. There is but one out. Hits have been few and far between, but a long fly will score the man. How get a long fly? By meeting one which "cuts the heart of the plate" square and fair. How get the pitcher to serve such a ball? By "working" him until three balls have been called, when the fourth ball must come over the plate or the batter be given a pass; hence the orders. If they go wrong, if the pitcher succeeds in getting three strikes across before three balls, the batter strikes out, and a groan goes up from the crowd. But the batter knows, and the pitcher knows, and the team knows, and the players on the bench know that the man at the plate struck out because he was obeying orders.—World Today.

TOLD IN FEW WORDS.

Shortest Robber Story In History, as Narrated by Voltaire.

In his study of "Seven Great Statesmen" Andrew D. White describes the work done in the eighteenth century by the French minister Turgot against the vicious system then prevailing of "farming out" the taxes. A great combination of contractors resulted who grew enormously rich at the people's expense, not, however, without able criticism.

This syndicate assumed the character of what in America of these days would be called a "combine," and at the head of it were the farmers general, wealthy, powerful and, as a rule, merciless. Their power pervaded the entire nation, from the king's apartments at Versailles to the cottages of the lowliest village.

To those men and their methods Voltaire had made a reference which ran through France and indeed through Europe.

A party of Parisians were amusing each other by telling robber stories.

Presently Voltaire, who had been listening quietly, said:

"I can tell a robber story better than any of yours."

The whole room immediately became silent and listened to the greatest personage in the French literature of the eighteenth century.

Voltaire after clearing his throat began as follows:

"Once on a time there was a farmer general."

Then he was silent. Presently all began to cry out:

"Why do you stop? Go on. Tell us the story."

"I have told the story," said Voltaire. "Do you not see that my statement implies the greatest robber story in history?"

What Is a Bath?

What is a bath? Is it the simple bath of hot or cold water and soap, or the Turkish bath of hot air or the Russian one of steam, or the mud bath of Saint-Amand-les-Eaux, or the compressed air bath of Reichenhall, or the baths of wine favored by famous beauties, or the sun bath of modern hygienists, or the Laplander's plunge into the hot blubber of a just killed whale, or the bath of asses' milk, to provide which for his consort an Earl of Portman bought cheap the Portman estate north of Oxford street as a farm to keep a herd of asses? Now, which of these is a bath?—London Chronicle.

"The Almighty Dollar."

The idea of the forceful phrase "the almighty dollar" is much older than the time of Washington Irving. Ben Jonson's "Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland," commences thus:

Whilst that for which all virtue now is
sold,
And almost every vice, almightie gold.

—London Notes and Queries.

When Tennyson Sat Up Nights.

We have had Alfred Tennyson here: very droll and very wayward, and much sitting up of nights till 2 or 3 in the morning with pipes in our mouths, at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking, and so to bed.—Fitzgerald's "Letters" (1838).

Had Misjudged Him.

"Does your father ever kiss your mamma, Willie?" asked the lady who had once been the gentleman's sweetheart.

"Yes, every morning when he goes away to the city."

"Dear me! And to think that I once doubted his courage!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.—Franklin.

Horned Hercules Beetle.

The island of Dominica is the home and natural habitat of the hercules beetle (Dynastes hercules), the very largest known species of the coleoptera or beetle family. Full grown specimens of this gigantic representative of the hard winged bug family average six inches in length from the tip of their pincers to the termination of the wing covers. It has a long black horn growing out of a head which is even darker than the horn itself. On its lower surface the horn is covered with a thick setting of gold colored bristles, which the entomologists say are used by the insect in capturing its prey. Another and shorter but more powerful horn grows out from beneath, the two forming a powerful pair of pincers. The creature has six powerful legs, each armed with claws. The elytra or wing covers are of a dapple gray color and the underparts of the body black. Taken all together, it is a formidable creature, with strength sufficient to catch and hold a bird of the size of the English sparrow.

Back of Bad Luck.

Heaven sends us our good luck; we make our bad. A young contractor, careful, doing good work, always on his job, climbed a bit in the course of ten years and, with his prosperity, had a comfortable, happy family. There came a chance for some building much bigger than he had ever done. He wanted it. He wanted it so much that he bid way down—too far down, as he came to realize after he got the award. So he went on a hunt for subcontractors who, wanting business desperately, like him, would take desperate chances, like him, and he found them. He sublet excavation, masonry, carpentry; everything he could, farming it all out in dozens of different lots. But there was a stern architect, with an eagle eye and a heart cold for everything but his duty, and he began to reject work, piece after piece. Contractor all broke up; the fruits of ten years blown away upon the winds.—New York Press.

An Anecdote of Handel.

On one occasion Handel was caught in a shower of rain and, being unprovided with an umbrella, was obliged to seek shelter in a blacksmith's forge. Either Handel was in a silent mood or else the blacksmith showed no conversational symptoms, for in a little while the latter began hammering away at his anvil, accompanying his work with a song. He little thought the use his visitor was making of him and his anvil, for it is said that Handel was listening all the time to the strokes of the hammering on the anvil, which, by producing two harmonic sounds, according in time and tune with the tune the man sang, formed a bass accompaniment. Handel, on reaching home, remembered the air and the hammer accompaniment. He wrote down both, and so we owe to a shower of rain the composition known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

Charles Kean's Afflictions.

Charles Kean, the actor, could not pronounce the consonants "m" and "n." In the first scene with Jarvis in "The Gamester" he began by inquiring, "Welt, Jarvis, what says the world of me? I'll tell thee what it says. It calls me a false friend, a faithless husband, a cruel father—in one short word, it calls me Galester!" In Shylock he was wont to say:

"You take by life
When do you take the beans whereby I
live."

But his most unfortunate slip occurred in the last line of "Money," where Evelyn says that in order to enjoy the good things of life we require "plenty of money." In this situation Kean always brought the curtain down with a roar by sarcastically remarking that the one thing necessary to complete their happiness is "plenty of putty!"

Insulted.

"My husband has a remarkable collection of old curiosities," said Mrs. Bilkins, with an air of pride.

"Indeed!" said Miss Sharpenough. "Was he collecting when he married you?"

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Bilkins innocently.

"That's what I thought," remarked the other spitefully.

And then Mrs. Bilkins saw what her dear friend meant. They meet as strangers now.

Anniversary Thoughts.

"Hubby, dear, do you know that we will have been married ten years next Tuesday?"

"Yes; I realize that we are getting along and should begin to economize for the needs of the future."

"It is not the future that I am thinking about, but the present."—New York Herald.

Truly Remarkable.

"Quite a remarkable thing happened at the banquet last night."

"Did somebody tell a story that was new?"

"No; the stories were all old, but one of the speakers who said he had nothing to say sat down immediately after saying it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Short Story.

"My new novel is a story of married life," said Scribbler.

"Boil it down," admonished the publisher. "Married life is a short story nowadays."—Philadelphia Record.

Had Him.

The Client—I won't pay your bill; it's extortionate. The Lawyer—What will you do? Hire another lawyer to contest my claim and pay his?—Exchange.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Inhecwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John F. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adalt, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anders, Clermont; A. H. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. B. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Bardette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—B. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. B. Blaver, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, O. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Basse.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rublo.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. L. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380 meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initatry degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 22 meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING
—AND—
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSI
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C1 World's Largest Farm Dealers Land Title Bldg., Phila

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SHATTUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. R. BOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. MAYO & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office in Grange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.
E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Smethport. - - - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 3 to 5 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist.
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
in good reliable companies

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Stateroom No. 24

A Coincidence Leads to Serious Results

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"All right, sir," said a steward of the liner Polyhemnia, scheduled to sail in two hours. "This way, sir." And, seizing Mr. Jones' hand baggage, he led him to stateroom No. 24. Flinging the door open, there were a trunk and hand baggage, ladies' wraps and other articles, while on the stand was a bouquet of flowers.

"What's this?" growled Mr. Jones. "This is the main deck, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And No. 24?"

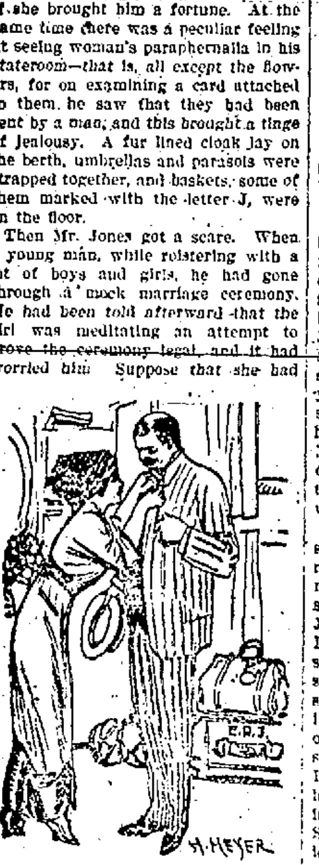
"Yes, sir."

"Well, what's this baggage doing here?"

"I don't know, sir. I'll go to the purser's office and see."

While the steward was away Mr. Jones examined the baggage in the stateroom. Pulling the trunk around where he could see the name painted on the end, he was astonished. There was his own name with the prefix of a Mrs. before it—"Mrs. E. R. Jones." Mr. Jones had no wife, had no idea of taking a wife and wouldn't have a wife if she brought him a fortune. At the same time there was a peculiar feeling at seeing woman's paraphernalia in his stateroom—that is, all except the flowers, for on examining a card attached to them he saw that they had been sent by a man, and this brought a tinge of jealousy. A fur lined cloak lay on the berth, umbrellas and parasols were strapped together, and baskets, some of them marked with the letter J, were on the floor.

Then Mr. Jones got a scare. When a young man, while roistering with a lot of boys and girls, he had gone through a mock marriage ceremony. He had been told afterward that the girl was meditating an attempt to prove the ceremony legal, and it had worried him. Suppose that she had since concluded to take his name—what a frightful supposition. But, no; that $500 fur lined cloak could never belong to Becky Stoddard. And yet he did not know what changes had come to her as well as himself. She would now be forty years old and might have acquired means. Forty! Mr. Jones was forty himself, but at that age men do not usually covet women so advanced in years.



HE COULD SCARCELY REFRAIN FROM KISSING THEM.

While these things were passing through his mind the steward came back with a record of assignment of rooms which showed No. 24 to have been given to Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Jones.

"There's a blunder here," said Mr. Jones. "I am E. R. Jones, but I have not a wife, and, what's more, I don't want one."

Now, it is a well known fact that our destinies are often turned in this and that channel by some trifling circumstance. Mr. Jones, happening to turn his head after saying with great acerbity that he didn't want a wife, saw standing in the aisle a very pretty woman looking him straight in the eye. She had heard him say that he had no wife. If this were all perhaps the statement would have been of no importance. But she had also heard him say that he did not want a wife. This part of his remark acted upon the lady like a slap in the face. Outwardly she did not retaliate. Inwardly she made up her mind that if she got an opportunity she would make him eat his words.

"Is this No. 24?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the steward.

"Has my baggage been put in?"

"There's baggage here, ma'am."

"Mrs. Jones' baggage?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"There's been a mistake, madam," said Mr. Jones, doffing his hat and showing a small bald spot on the top of his head—"a very curious mistake. My name is Jones too."

"Indeed!" said the lady in a tone which indicated that she fully understood the situation.

"And, singularly, enough," continued the gentleman, "I have the same initials that are on your trunk. I am Edward R. Jones."

"Indeed!" the lady again said, not intending to convey any meaning.

"An odd circumstance, isn't it, that two persons of the same name should be assigned the same room?"

"Very."

"And still more remarkable that one should be Mr. and the other Mrs.?"

"Quite so."

"It affords me great pleasure, I assure you, to give way to you."

"You are very kind, but I think it would be more just to discover to whom the room really belongs. Steward, can't you bring the purser here?"

"I think so, ma'am. The crowd isn't coming aboard yet."

The steward went for the purser, and the lady, entering the room, the door of which was hooked open, invited Mr. Jones to sit down, but he chose to remain standing. It occurred to him to ascertain whether the lady were wife or widow.

"I wonder," he said, "if your husband's initials stand for the same name as mine. I am Edward Richard Jones."

"My husband's name was Edwin Ritzer Jones."

"Ah, I see! There is a difference after all."

The lady looked at the name on the card attached to the flowers, sniffed at them and, choosing a rose, took it out of the water pitcher and handed it to Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones bowed, smiled all over and endeavored to put the stem in his buttonhole. Failing in the attempt, Mrs. Jones inserted it for him, bringing her round white fingers in close proximity with his lips. He could scarcely refrain from kissing them.

The steward came back with the purser, who said a room had just been given up which Mr. Jones could have, to which Mr. Jones assented; then, bowing very low and backing respectfully out of the stateroom, he left the lady looking after him with a curious expression on her face. It was a blank look in one sense and one full of meaning in another. It meant a great deal, but Mr. Jones could not interpret it.

There was one circumstance connected with the brief meeting that meant a great deal. That was the bestowal of the rose. It enabled Mr. Jones to address Mrs. Jones, when he met her again, on friendly terms. Without it he would have felt constrained to wait for her to speak to him. As it was the day after sailing, the weather being fine and the ocean smooth, Mrs. Jones being on deck in her steamer chair, Mr. Jones approached her, doffed his cap and entered into conversation. The sun was glittering on the water, merry young men and maids were playing shuffleboard, the deck stewards were handing 11 o'clock bouillon—in short, Mr. and Mrs. Jones were in the midst of one of those scenes of idle comfort that are afforded by an ocean liner when old Boreas is asleep.

Though Mrs. Jones was still young, she was a widow and even before marriage had had a natural insight into the management of men. It was her design to make herself attractive to Mr. Jones, and how did she go about it? Did she charm him by the depth or sprightliness of her conversation? No; she let him talk to his heart's content, she drinking in every word he was saying. The only subject she seemed able or at least willing to discuss was the singular coincidence of a Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Jones who were not married and had never seen each other before having been assigned to the same room. She kept harping on this subject, thus leading him to dwell on it till he began to wish he was married. And once a man begins to wish for the double state and his ideas of a partner in that state become fixed on any one woman it is merely a question of time with him, provided the woman consents.

They were taking the Mediterranean trip, and there were thirteen days during which Mr. Jones couldn't get away from her without jumping overboard. She made no mention of the remark she had overheard. He had not attached any especial importance to her having heard it and had already forgotten it himself. It did not occur to him that so small a thing was to be the turning point in his whole life.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones parted at Naples to meet again at Venice. Moonlight on the Grand canal was the cause, subsidiary to that of the stateroom, which turned Mr. Jones from a bachelor to married man. He proposed in a gondola to the sound of music from floats, or, rather, Italians screeching out of date songs. Love, moonlight and the entrancing scene made the songs seem delicious harmony. But Mr. Jones didn't need romance to plunge him into matrimony. He had some one to drag him there. He awoke to a consciousness of having, after all, wanted a wife.

But the question that troubled Mr. Jones was, Did the widow wish a second husband, and if so did she wish him to fill the position? All that Mr. Jones could get out of her was that she would take his proposal under consideration. She was going to Switzerland, where she would remain until a few days before sailing from Genoa. If he could meet her in that city she would give him his answer.

Mr. Jones spent the rest of his sojourn in Europe not in sightseeing, but in waiting. A week before the sailing of the vessel on which the widow was to return to America he appeared at Genoa and fretted and fumed till the widow appeared. Meanwhile she had concluded that she wanted Mr. Jones more than revenge. She gave him a decided "Yes." They were married at once and the same evening went aboard the steamer.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the groom, "she's the Polyhemnia!"

Mrs. Jones led the way to their stateroom. On reaching it her husband made another surprised remark:

"And stateroom No. 24!"

SEEING A JOKE.

It Depends on the Brand of Humor to Which One Is Accustomed.

Foreigners, as a rule, do not understand our wit and humor. Sir Alfred Harmsworth once remarked to me, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that American humor was coarse and sometimes brutal. Mark Twain and Finley Peter Dunne are the only American humorists who are accepted by Englishmen. On the other hand, we do not appreciate the humor of Punch, the Englishman's delight.

I have seen an Englishman laugh heartily over a joke in Punch that I couldn't see any point to until it was explained to me, and no doubt that gentleman considered me as dense as we consider them when we tell them a funny story and get a sort of pained look, rather mystifying to be sure, instead of the laugh which was expected.

It is the local application of the joke that counts the world over. The funniest thing I ever saw was the charge a yearling Hereford bull made at a barbed wire fence in the Texas Panhandle. He struck the fence full tilt, and the rebound caused him to turn a complete back somersault. He landed on his hoofs all right, and there he stood all straddled out with a look of astonishment on his face that was almost human. It was so ludicrous that I lay down in the mesquite grass and rolled over in spasms of mirth. Then he began to bawl like a whipped child, turned tail and ran as from a banshee.

I was at dinner in a Bradford club and told about it, expecting to get a laugh, but all I got was this from Hon. Smith Feather, mayor, of that Yorkshire city:

"By Jove, I didn't know those wire fences were so strong. It's a jolly good thing the poor brute wasn't injured."

WATERSPOUTS.

Old Time Mariners Fought Them With Noise and Cannon.

In the waterspout the medieval mariner saw a malevolent living monster—a sea dragon. There were various means of combating them. Once all sailors carried black handled knives, which the monster was believed to hold in special abhorrence.

When a spout made its appearance these knives were produced and pointed in its direction, waved in the air so as to make the sign of the cross or, according to the recommendation of certain contemporary authorities, driven several times into the side of the ship. Certain passages from the gospel of St. John were recited as charms against waterspouts.

A loud noise of any kind was also believed to be efficacious against them—shouts, the clash of swords, the beating of drums and gongs, etc. The custom of firing cannon against waterspouts, says the Scientific American, dates back at least as far as the sixteenth century. The original idea appears to have been to frighten them away by the noise of the report, but in the later times it was believed that the watery column could be cut in twain by the cannon ball and the spout thus dissipated. It would be interesting to know whether the cannonading of waterspouts is still sometimes practiced. It was certainly common much less than a century ago. It is hardly necessary to say that it is entirely futile.

The Bawbee.

Englishmen are familiar with the name "bawbee," applied to the Scotch halfpenny, but to few does it bring the association of a baby queen and a loyal people. It appears that the first attempt at the portraiture of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was made in her infancy, and her small face was engraved upon the Scottish halfpennies at the time of her coronation in 1543, when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are still preserved, and it will be easily understood how the name "bawbee," or baby, came to be given to the coin bearing the effigy of the baby. The halfpenny of Scotland is still commonly called the bawbee, although the baby face no longer appears on it.—Pearson's.

The Wise Bride.

"Yes, the girls gave the bride a commiseration shower."

"What in the world is that?"

"Why, they all told her how sorry they were she was going to marry such a man as the coming bridegroom."

"That must have hurt her feelings."

"No, it didn't. She knew there wasn't a girl there who wouldn't have given her eyes to get him!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mixed Metaphors.

A well known bishop, speaking in the upper house of Canterbury convocation on prayer book revision, rather startled some of his Episcopal brethren by declaring, according to the Church Family Newspaper, "We are not writing on a clean slate; there is a good deal of grit under the door."

No Wonder.

"My husband has never spoken a cross word to me."

"You lucky woman! How long have you been married?"

"Nearly two weeks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gallantry.

She—It seems to me as though we had met somewhere before. He—Impossible, fraulein, else I should have fallen in love with you before!—Fliegende Blatter.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only an inconvenience. You will find it a calamity.—Johnson.

DOWNING STREET, LONDON.

It Bears the Name of a Clever Man From Massachusetts.

Downing street, London, where are the British colonial and foreign offices and the official residence of the first lord of the treasury and where cabinet councils are held, perpetuates the name of a clever man from Massachusetts. Those were the days before the Fourth of July had any significance in American annals, and George Downing, the first scholar in the first public school in Massachusetts and the first graduate sent out by Harvard college, came to England and became a chaplain in Cromwell's army.

By a remarkable stroke of fortune he was sent to represent England at The Hague when Europe was trembling before Oliver, and during three distinct eras in England's history he held the office of British ambassador at the Dutch court. He was as popular or as clever under the Merry Monarch as under the protector and the commonwealth, and it came to pass in the reign of Charles II. that the man from Massachusetts was granted a great tract of land at Westminster, where he built huge mansions and laid out Downing street.

To this day Downing's street is Downing street still, and, though George Downing is forgotten, there is no name in the British empire which is more familiar to us than his.—St. James' Gazette.

GREEN TURTLES.

The Youngsters Have a Perilous Time After Being Hatched.

Concerning the great turtles of the southwest Indian ocean a traveler says: "The chelonian, or green turtle (Chelone mydas), is an animal of considerable economic importance to the atoll, for it still occurs in the vast hordes which are so often described by early voyagers in the tropics. There appear to be two distinct groups—one resident and small in numbers, the other migratory and visiting the atoll to breed in numbers impossible to estimate.

"The latter arrives in December, and from then to April the sea seems alive with turtles. The females seek the small sand beaches and then ascend them with the rising tide, pushing themselves laboriously above high tide mark. Holes are then dug in the sand by means of the fore flippers until a satisfactory one is obtained, and the eggs, 200 in number, are buried, the turtle returning to sea immediately.

"After forty days the eggs hatch almost simultaneously, and the young turtles dig their way up out of the sand and go down to the sea in a long procession, in the course of which they offer an easy prey to their enemies, the frigate birds and herons. Once in the sea, sharks and other large fish eat them, and only 10 per cent reach maturity."—Chicago News.

A Strong Recommendation.

"We are not taking on any new traveling men just now," the safe manufacturer said. "Business is rather dull in our line."

"Well, if you need one let me know," said the applicant for a job. "I'd rather sell your safe than any there is in the market. It's the best."

"Are you an expert?"

"Yes, sir. I know all there is to be known about safes."

"Ever deal in them?"

"No, sir."

"Ever work in a factory?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know ours is the best?"

"Because it takes longest to break into it."

"How do you know that?"

"I'm a reformed burglar."

He got the job.—Chicago Tribune.

An Immense Flower.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the rafflesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense flower is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the rafflesia is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns. The cup when free from its contents will hold about twelve pints. The flower weighs about fifteen pounds and is very thick, the petals being three-quarters of an inch.—Scientific American.

Rhinoceros Horns.

The horns of the African rhinoceros sometimes grow to the length of four feet. In olden times rhinoceros horns were employed for drinking cups by royal personages, the notion being that poison put into them would show itself by bubbling. There may have been some truth in the idea, inasmuch as many of the ancient poisons were acids, and these acids would decompose the horny material very quickly.—London Telegraph.

Adaptable.

Client—Before we decide on the house my husband asked me to inquire if the district is at all unhealthy. House Agent—Er—what is your husband's profession, madam? Client—He is a physician. House Agent—Hum—er—well, I'm afraid truth compels me to admit that the district is not too healthy.—London Opinion.

An Endurance Test.

"Here is an account of a remarkable endurance test."

"Umph! Some couple been married for fifty years?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE SILVER BOWL.

It Was Full of Water, and It Puzzled the Week End Guest.

A rising young politician in New York tells this story on himself. He was invited recently to spend a week end at a country house where things were done a notch or two more elaborately than he was accustomed to, and he stood in not a little awe of the solemn person who was assigned to act as temporary valet to him. The climax came when this functionary tapped at his door on Sunday morning and told him it was 9 o'clock.

"All right, I'll get up," said the visitor, and the solemn man disappeared into the bathroom, from which presently the noise of water running into the bathtub was audible. In half a minute more the solemn person emerged, holding a large silver bowl full of water, with which he approached the bed.

"He must have seen the astonishment in my face," said the New Yorker. "I couldn't conceal it. It was a wholly new game to me, and I didn't know whether I was expected to dip my head in it or to drink it. It was an awful moment, but that man was a diplomat. He realized my embarrassment, and he just let drop in a cold and aloof tone, as if he had outsiders to deal with every day, the simple explanation:

"'The temperature of your bawth, sir.'"—New York Sun.

THEATER SEATS.

Very Annoying Indeed It Was Before They Were Numbered.

People who nowadays book their seats beforehand for the play cannot conceive of the discomfort of other days, an instance of which is given by John Fyvie in "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era."

"One of Charles Matthews' newspaper cuttings," he says, "contains a letter from a disgusted playgoer dated January, 1776, protesting against this custom of 'permitting a footman to sit for an act or two of a play next to a woman of the first quality by way of securing a place for his absent master.'

"The indecency of the practice is said to be aggravated by the usual choice of the dirtiest servant of the family for this duty, 'for the men of parade and figure are to prance before the lady's chair with lighted flambeaux or hang like a rope of onions behind her coach.'

"As a remedy for this nuisance the writer of this letter made the revolutionary suggestion that the sittings in the boxes should be numbered, a plan which does not seem to have occurred to any one previously and which was not adopted till long afterward."—London Gentlewoman.

Women In Tibet.

Concerning the manners of Tibetans a traveler writes: "The male part of the Amdo population is fond of meeting together for frivolous conversation on all suitable and unsuitable occasions. The most the men do is to go hunting and robbing. The domestic work, such as tending the cattle, collecting fuel, drawing water and, in short, everything, falls on the women. While the wife is working incessantly all day long the husband grows weary with idleness and does not go to her assistance unless she is physically incapable of doing any work at all. On horseback the women are as dexterous as the men. To catch any horse she likes out of the troop, lay her hand on its mane and quickly spring on to the back of the barebacked steed and ride off in any direction she wishes is an ordinary feat for any young Amdo woman."—Chicago News.

Mamma's Joke.

"Oh, mamma, the hen is sitting on the vacuum cleaner!"

"Perhaps she's only trying to lay the dust, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

WE CHALLENGE

comparison. Comparing the quality of our liquors and the price we charge with the quality of and price that prevail at other stores. If you will do this you will see plainly that it pays to buy of us.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors.

LADIES!

An old established Suit and Cloak House desires to secure Lady Agent to take orders for our Skirts in her own home. Man-tailored—made to any measure. We help you to establish a splendid and pleasant business. No investment necessary. Write us today that you are interested, and for full information. Fashion Bulletin free on request.

THE JONES DRY GOODS CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

C. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

Poor oil cannot give good light. There is no flicker, no odor, no soot where

FAMILY FAVORITE OIL

is used. This triple-refined lamp oil costs no more than the inferior kinds—and saves you no end of trouble. Get it from your dealer's—it is there in barrels shipped direct from our refineries.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

ATLANTIC CITY
Cape May
Wildwood, Ocean City Angelese, Sea Isle City, Holly Beach,
Avalon, Stone Harbor,
NEW JERSEY

July 25, August 9, 18, and September 1, 1911.
ROUND $10.80 TRIP
FROM SMETHPORT
TICKETS GOOD RETURNING WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS
Stop-Over Allowed at Philadelphia
For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult small hand bills or nearest ticket agent.
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD